

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

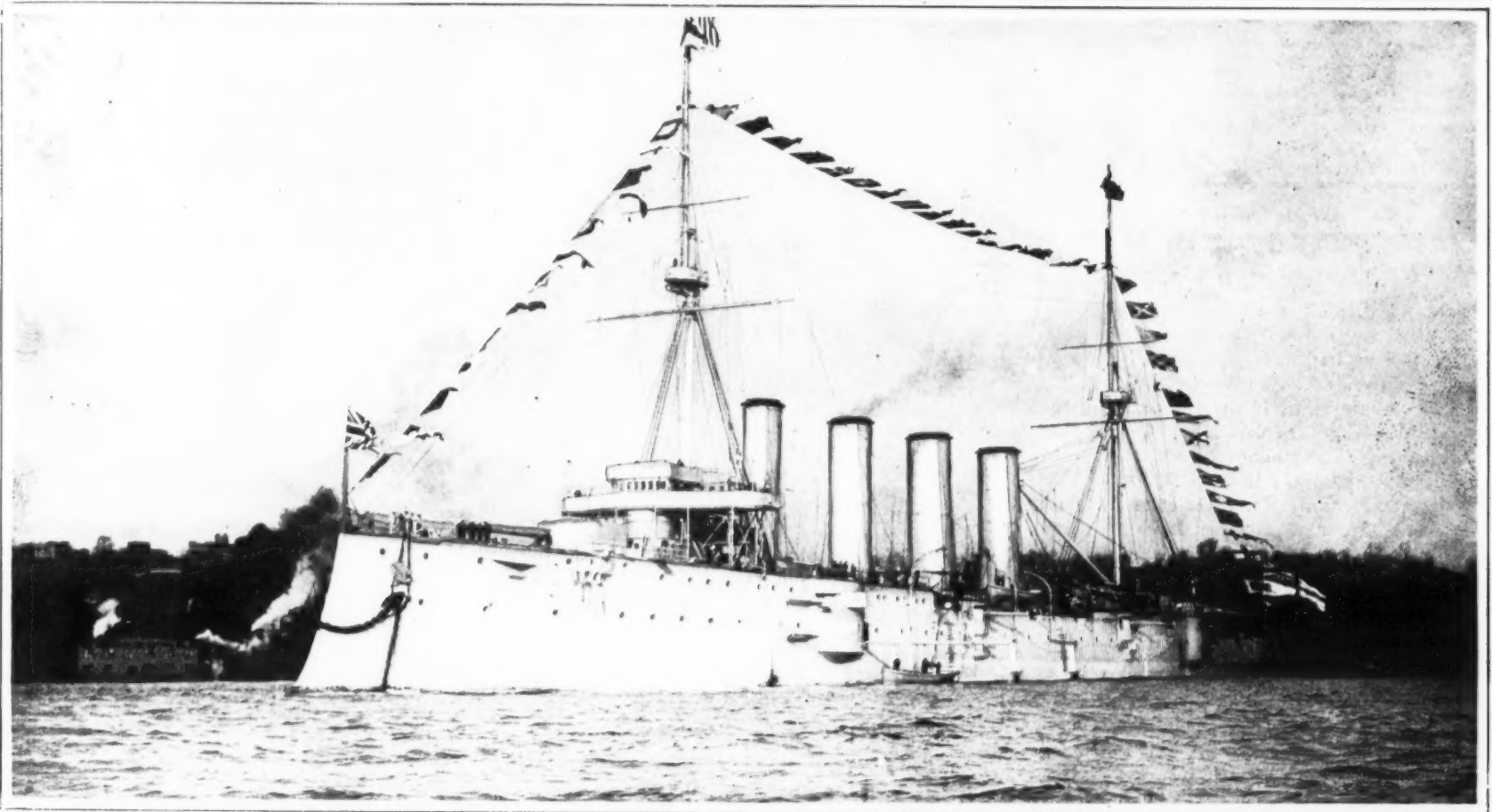
THE OLDEST AND BEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES.

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ARMORED CRUISER "DRAKE," FLAG-SHIP OF THE BRITISH FLEET, COMMANDED BY PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG, WHICH VISITED NEW YORK.



GENERAL F. D. GRANT'S LUNCHEON TO PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.
1. Prince Louis. 2. Mrs. F. D. Grant. 3. United States Senator Kean, of New Jersey. 4. Mrs. Kernochan. 5. Mr. J. P. Morgan. 6. Mrs. J. P. Morgan.

THE BRITISH FLEET'S FRIENDLY VISIT TO NEW YORK.

ADMIRAL PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG'S DECORATED FLAG-SHIP, AND THE NOTABLE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN IN HIS HONOR BY GENERAL F. D. GRANT, UNITED STATES ARMY.—Photographs by A. E. Dunn.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Parties representing themselves as connected with
LESLIE'S WEEKLY should always be asked to pro-
duce credentials. This will prevent imposition.

Leslie's Weekly has no connection with "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly."

Thursday, November 23, 1905

A Warning to Congress.

NO NATIONAL issues were involved in the recent elections, yet the Democrats everywhere are encouraged over the Republican machine defeats in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Says the *New York World*: "The *World* recently asked if the Democratic party was dying. It is very far from dead." Then it mentions that Roosevelt's plurality of 505,000 in Pennsylvania and 255,000 in Ohio in 1904 have been succeeded by Democratic pluralities for State officers in 1905, and exclaims: "What a revolution it was! Who could have believed that such amazing changes could take place within a year?"

The *St. Louis Republic*, voicing Democratic opinion for the Trans-Mississippi region, says that the Ohio and Pennsylvania defeats mean that the Republican party "has no popular asset except the President, whose actual value is not known until he has passed through the crucial test of the coming Congress." The *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, the *New Orleans Picayune*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, the *Jacksonville Times-Union*, and other representative Democratic papers see in the election returns evidences that the Republicans are not invincible, and tell the Democrats there may be hope for them in 1908.

It will be well for Republicans to ponder these expressions. After a long series of disasters the Democrats at last see a ray of hope ahead for their party. They will be encouraged to work harder from this time onward to the election of the next President than they otherwise would have done. This will mean a larger Democratic vote than was polled in 1904. There will be no 2,500,000 plurality for the Republican candidate three years hence, unless it be Roosevelt against a Socialist-Democrat. In the Congress of 1905-07, soon to open, the Republicans will have to make a creditable record in order to get any plurality at all in 1908. The eyes of the country are on the Republican party in a very critical way.

New York's Memorable Canvass.

NEW YORK'S municipal campaign of 1905 will be historic for several reasons. It was the closest in the city's history; furnished the most striking instance which the country has seen of the triumph of a man with no organized party behind him and with the bosses and machines of all parties against him; and promises to furnish the candidate of the Democratic party in 1908, and to contribute an issue in that year on which party lines will be drawn as squarely as they were drawn on silver in 1896.

All honest men in every party throughout the country, especially the Republicans, who furnished him most of his votes, have a right to rejoice over District-Attorney Jerome's re-election. The canvass of this heroic public prosecutor attracted more attention throughout the United States than did any other feature of the New York campaign.

The immense proportions of William R. Hearst's vote for mayor, against the fierce hostility of the most powerful political junta, Tammany Hall, which the country has seen, brings municipal ownership into far greater prominence even than it received through the election of Mayor Dunne, for New York is larger and is more conservative than Chicago. The narrowness of Mayor McClellan's margin takes away his

prestige, will head off Tammany's programme for McClellan's nomination for Governor in 1908, and will make Mr. Hearst a national figure of great attractiveness. Thousands of Republicans, as seen by the figures, must have abandoned Ivins and voted for McClellan, so as to insure Hearst's defeat, just as thousands of Republicans in 1886 swung from Roosevelt to Hewitt, the Tammany and County Democracy candidate for mayor, so as to make Henry George's overthrow certain. Yet McClellan's plurality is narrower than that of any other mayor whom New York has had, and there are many evidences that it was based on frauds of the foulest character.

The Municipal Ownership candidate's immense vote will do more to bring all the radical elements into harmony and to make socialism formidable than Debs and his associates could do in twenty years. William R. Hearst and his collection of socialistic fads promise to loom as large in the Democratic convention and in the canvass of 1908 as Mr. Bryan did in 1896.

If this should take place the repetition of history would be made complete, for the Republican party would be compelled to strike down the new peril as it did the old. Despite occasional lapses in communities here and there, the majority of the country is conservative and balanced, and it will speak through the Republican party.

Roosevelt's Conquest of the South.

FROM RICHMOND down to Jacksonville, and thence through the gulf tier of States and over the circuit to Little Rock and down to New Orleans, President Roosevelt's tour was a continuous triumph. Neither emperor nor king in any land was ever welcomed with such universality or such heartiness as were in the greetings extended to him. Other Presidents—Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley—made tours in the South, but not one of them was ever received with such tumultuously joyous acclaim as Colonel Roosevelt.

At Richmond, according to the *Times-Dispatch* of that city, a Democratic rally in support of that party's State ticket was transformed into a Roosevelt meeting before it had been in session five minutes, and every mention of his name called out far more enthusiastic applause than did the names of the Democratic candidates for State officers whom the meeting was held to indorse. "Beside the immortal speech of Lincoln at Gettysburg," says the *Louisville Herald*, "will live forever the touching, tender, and heroic discourse of Theodore Roosevelt at Roswell, Ga.," his mother's home. The Mobile, Little Rock, and New Orleans papers exhaust eulogy in his praise. Colonel Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, hails him as a "Messiah of patriotism and brotherhood," says that "the South sends the memory of all frictions to the rear, and acclaims him as a kinsman," and adds that, "though we differ to-morrow, never again shall there be from us acerbity of thought or speech."

At many places the multitude proposed Roosevelt for the nomination for 1908—not as a Southern, a Northern, a Republican, or a Democratic candidate, but as a candidate of the whole American people. Nothing in Monroe's days of party obliteration was even remotely suggestive of such an era of good feeling as this.

World Events in Half a Century.

IN THE fifty years which have passed since the establishment of LESLIE'S WEEKLY—December 14th, 1855—history has been busy all over the globe. In the United States in 1855 the repeal of the Missouri Compromise had just taken place, and this brought in its train the dissolution of the Whig party, the creation of the Republican party, the fight between the North and South for the possession of the Territory of Kansas, the split of the Democratic party in the Charleston convention of 1860, the election of Lincoln, the Republican candidate, in that year, and then secession, civil war, the abolition of slavery, and a negro problem which has not been entirely solved even yet.

The thirty-one States of 1855 have grown to forty-five, the 26,000,000 population to 84,000,000, and by the annexation of Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, American dominion has been extended to the Gulf of Mexico, up to the Arctic Circle, and across the Pacific. From a position low in the scale of the nations the United States has, in the half-century, grown into the wealthiest, the most powerful, and the most influential of the world's peoples.

In 1855 the German empire was still far in the future; Italy was only a "geographical expression"; France was under the rule of Napoleon III.; Austria was more absolute than Russia is to-day; Russia was more Asiatic than European; all the Balkan states were under the sway of Turkey; Spain owned Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines; and the Pope, under Pepin's patent of many centuries earlier, was still a temporal prince.

Africa, which to-day has been almost wholly divided up among the great European nations, was as much of a dark continent in 1855 as it was in the time of Mungo Park, and legend was as busy with the marvels and myths of its interior as in Herodotus's days. Over in Asia, the oldest of the world's continents, China was as yet in its thirty centuries of sleep, while Japan, awakened by the visit of Commodore Perry, with his olive-branch and his rod, had not yet begun to emerge from its mediæval night.

The whole face of human society all over the globe has been transformed in the fifty years which have passed since the establishment of America's first illustrated newspaper. We shall dwell at greater length on this remarkable epoch in our semi-centennial number, dated December 14th.

The Plain Truth.

IN ESPOUSING the cause of ship subsidies the recent congress of bankers put itself on the right side of one of the foremost and most vital questions now before the American people. Neither can it be charged in this case that this advocacy of the subsidy is actuated by selfish and partisan motives, for the bankers' congress was not made up of men who could expect any direct profit politically or financially from such a measure. It was the action of an eminently conservative, broad-minded, and far-sighted body of men. The opponents of a ship subsidy have as yet neither offered nor suggested any practicable alternative. The commission appointed to investigate the condition of our merchant marine has succeeded in revealing as never before, the deplorable state into which our ocean shipping has fallen, and has been able, on its part, to propose but one remedy—a ship-subsidy bill. That Congress will refuse to enact a measure so essential to the further development of our foreign trade we cannot believe.

BY CAUSING the annulment of the fifty-million-dollar contract awarded to a Western concern for feeding and caring for the employés of the Panama Canal, Secretary Taft nipped in the bud what might easily, and probably would, have grown into an enormous system of "graft" and other abuses. While we have no disposition to misjudge the responsible parties in this case, or to impute improper motives to men without sufficient cause, we think it fair to say that the letting of this contract, involving such an enormous sum of money, without sufficient and proper public notice was enough, in itself, to excite reasonable suspicion and was most unwise and impolitic. The government will now do the work of providing food and other supplies for the men through one of the regular departments established at the isthmus, and will thus save for itself the profit which would have otherwise gone to the contractor, and will doubtless be able to furnish better food and other material at a lower cost to the employés, thus giving better satisfaction all around.

IN ALL his visit to the South," says the Birmingham (Ala.) *Ledger*, "not one man offered the slightest rudeness to the President. No one tried to approach too closely to him. Great, big, good-humored crowds greeted him everywhere, and ninety-seven per cent. of them were Democrats." This chivalry of the South has often been treated with derision by Northern papers, but it exists, and is a decidedly beautiful attribute. As the country learned very quickly after the event, the South had no hand in Lincoln's assassination. It deplored the crime as much as did the North. The lunatic who killed Garfield was a Northern man. McKinley's tour through the South in 1901 was a continuous round of pleasure to President and people. It was on his swing around the Northern circuit on his return that he was slain. Nowhere would the President be safer, and nowhere would he be treated with greater courtesy and consideration, than he would be in any of the States below Mason and Dixon's line. This is a truth which cannot be proclaimed too plainly by the newspapers of the North, and of the country in general.

NO SUCH object-lesson, on so grand a scale, in favor of abstinence from strong drink has been furnished to the world as in the case of the Japanese army in the late war. The correspondent of a French paper, who had exceptional opportunities for observing the daily life of the Japanese soldiers at the front and in the field of action, dwells at length upon the freedom of these men not only from intemperance, but from other vices which sap the strength and impair the fighting qualities. He draws a sharp contrast between these conditions and those which he found prevailing in the Russian camps, where drinking orgies and other shameless indulgences were the regular order, especially in the officers' quarters; and he affirms it as his conviction that the unvarying success and the remarkable victories won by the Japanese forces were largely due to the self-control and clearheadedness which their rule of temperance in all things gave to them. We believe this to be emphatically true. The worst enemies the Russians had were in their rear—vodka, illiteracy, licentiousness. These worked to their undoing as much as the courage, intelligence, and marvelous efficiency of their foes in front. We have yet to learn, for that matter, of any calling, of any sphere of duty in war or peace, of any place or clime, where indulgence in alcoholic stimulants is of advantage to a man and not a serious handicap upon his manhood, his health, and his usefulness. Lord Kitchener found that the use of grog among soldiers marching under a tropic sun was so harmful that he laid an interdict upon it; General Greely came to a like conclusion as to indulgence in stimulants in the polar zone; and many of our largest railroad corporations have laid down rigid rules against intemperance on the part of their employés. Thus does the practical experience of practical men everywhere come to the support of the belief that the use of strong drink as a beverage is not a necessity for man anywhere.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

OF ALL the wretched aftermath of war, especially in modern times, there is nothing more wretched or more to be deplored than the disclosures of "graft," of the petty stealings and contemptible frauds by which greedy and unscrupulous men take advantage of their country's miseries to enrich their own pockets. This is one of the inevitable evils which war seems to breed in every country. Remember the scandals connected with the commissary department in the Spanish-American War—a lesson on this



SIR W. F. BUTLER, K. C. B.,
Who made a stir in England over
army "grafts."

head that should serve us well. The English army administration has always been counted as clean as any in the world, and yet the English public was some time ago shocked by the revelations of fraud and thievery connected with the business of contracting supplies in the South African war. These disclosures appeared in the report of a special committee selected by the English Army Council to consider questions of sales and refunds to contractors in South Africa. It had been known ever since the war closed, and before, that gross irregularities existed in the supply department, but the extent of these rascalities, as disclosed by the committee, was much greater than supposed. The report stirred up the English public as it had not been stirred for several years, and led to angry debates in Parliament. The chairman of the committee in question was Sir W. F. Butler, K. C. B., and he and his associates are given just credit for telling the whole truth, humiliating as it is to the nation.

ACCORDING to the *English Army and Navy Journal*, Lieutenant Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, is the only American who has received a commission in the Royal Guards. Before an original commission is granted in this foremost of the crack regiments of England, the candidate's name, family, character, and antecedents are submitted to the King and the crown prince for approval. To have successfully passed this rigorous test and received the appointment is certainly a distinction of which any man, American or otherwise, might well be proud.

THE TAILORING craft has produced not a few persons who have won distinction among their fellow-men by their genius or their gifts of invention, but it has remained for an English tailor to accomplish the difficult and remarkable feat of walking on the water. This tailor is John McEvoy, of Soho, London. Mr. McEvoy's water-walking performances are not miraculous, after the manner of St. Peter on the Sea of Galilee, but are accomplished by means of an apparatus which he has invented, consisting of a coat with an air-belt attached to its waist and a pair of specially constructed gaiters. These gaiters, each of which weighs two pounds, are fitted with brass wings, which open and shut as the wearer progresses through the water. What ultimate practical use Mr. McEvoy's invention will be put to remains to be seen. At present it is only an oddity for the variety show.



MR. JOHN MCEVOY,
An English tailor who walks on
water.

NORWAY, HAVING effected her separation from Sweden peacefully, has been able to settle on her form of government without difficulty or delay. The Norwegians have all along plainly preferred a monarchy to a republic, but had the two countries gone to war probably no scion of royalty in Europe would have accepted a call to the throne of Norway. As the situation developed doubtless a number of candidates for the position would have been willing to submit their claims to the people's judgment. But the Norwegians wanted a Scandinavian for a ruler, and so—King Oscar of Sweden having refused to allow one of his sons to take the place—they have given their favor to a grandson of King Christian of Denmark. Prince Charles, of Denmark, who on the invitation of the Storting, backed by a plebiscite, will become the sovereign of Norway, is the second son of the crown prince of the Danish kingdom. His mother was a Swedish princess and his wife is the Princess Maud, of England, a daughter of King Edward VII. The prince is about thirty-three years old, and both he and the princess are personally popular and will doubtless prove very agreeable to their future subjects. The

new King's family connections assure harmony between the three realms of Scandinavia and the kindly interest of Great Britain in his welfare. He will ascend the throne under the title of King Hakon VII., a good name for him to assume, as Hakon VI., the last previous independent monarch of Norway, is one of the most honored heroes of that country.



NORWAY'S NEW KING AND QUEEN.
Prince and Princess Charles, of Denmark, chosen to rule Europe's
latest kingdom.—The Sketch.

MANY TALENTED women find in clubs and societies formed by members of their own sex occasions for the exercise of executive and other ability denied them in ordinary practical life. Among the organizations which have given large opportunities for the development of feminine capacity the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been specially noted. Serious as was the loss to this great body of temperance workers in the death of their famous leader, Miss Frances Willard, there has not been wanting a worthy successor. Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, who, at the recent convention in Los Angeles, Cal., was re-elected president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is one of the ablest women in the United



MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS (AT RIGHT),
President of the National W. C. T. U., and Miss Anna A. Gordon,
vice-president of that body.—Thompson.

States. She possesses a strong personality, rare gifts as a speaker, and administrative talents of a high order. She first became prominent as a Woman's Christian Temperance Union worker in Maine, her native State, where year after year she has been elected head of the State organization, and where, since the death of Neal Dow, she has been regarded as the chief champion of prohibition. She was one of the lady managers at the Chicago world's fair, and for three years treasurer of the National Council of Women. Mrs. Stevens is shown in our photograph with her coadjutor, Miss Anna A. Gordon, vice-president-at-large of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

PERHAPS THE most hideous spectacle under the sun is a mob thirsting for the blood of a fellow-being. Without the power to reason, and displaying only a mad lust for revenge, the throng of desperate destroyers presents a sight to inspire terror and dread among sober-minded people. It is a deplorable fact that the mob spirit shows no signs of abatement. It knows no territorial bounds, and a brutal murder or the outrage of a woman is likely to cause it to flame into being in any section of the country. Because of peculiar conditions, lynchings of negroes have been most frequent in the South, and it is gratifying to note in this connection that Governor Samuel W. T. Lanham, of Texas, has taken a strong stand in favor of the law. In a public statement which he made recently, when urged to sanction the practice of lynching, Governor Lanham said that, while fully appreciating the horrible crimes committed by negroes against white women, he must, as a public official bound by a due sense of conscientious obligation, uphold the statute and discourage lawlessness. He declared that the crimes deserved speedy and severe punishment, but the functions of courts and juries could not be surrendered to the unbridled and arbitrary action of lynch rule and the violence of the mob.



GOVERNOR S. W. T. LANHAM,
Of Texas, who defends the law and
condemns the mob.

THE CHARGE made by a prominent physician, after the outbreak of the recent epidemic in New Orleans, that the presence of yellow fever there had been concealed for some time by the sanitary authorities before it was publicly announced, seems to be fully refuted by the official report of Dr. Quitman Kohnke, president of the board of health and health officer of the city. Dr. Kohnke says that the earliest intimation that he had of the reappearance of the dread disease was on July 12th, when two suspicious cases were reported. Immediately the doctor and his associates openly set to work with all their energy to combat the plague. So highly were Dr. Kohnke's services during the epidemic appreciated that the Woman's League of New Orleans presented him with a handsome and costly silver loving-cup.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER KNIGHT, the brilliant California orator whose eloquent speech seconding the nomination of President Roosevelt at the Chicago convention gave him a national reputation, told a Los Angeles interviewer recently some interesting personal incidents. His oratorical career began when he was a cow-puncher in Humboldt County, and he was asked to make a Fourth-of-July speech. His audience was made up mostly of cowboys who gathered around on horseback on a grassy slope where the orator stood. "I got the eagle soaring in great style," said Mr. Knight, "and was just handing it out in flowery style when one of the *vaqueros* yelled, 'Look at that son-of-a-gun buck!' My audience gave one wild whoop and disappeared with a clatter of hoofs and a roar of yells. At the edge of the herd one of the young broncos was tying himself into hard knots and undoing himself again with a jerk. They sat around and watched until his rider got the best of him; then the audience rode back, and I went on with the oration." Mr. Knight has never made it a practice to write, or even to "think out," his speeches previous to delivery, the only exception to this being his nominating speech at Chicago, and not then until word came to him from Mr. Roosevelt that the latter "wanted to know what I was going to say." Mr. Knight is trying to "keep out of politics," but whether his California fellow-citizens will permit him to do so is more than doubtful.



GEORGE ALEXANDER KNIGHT,
The California orator who seconded
Roosevelt's nomination.

THE ELECTION of Mr. George C. Boldt, the popular and widely-known proprietor of the great Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, as a trustee of Cornell University, brought into the board of control of that institution a most valuable member. Mr. Boldt's remarkable success as an executive evidences his keen intelligence and great ability. Add to this Mr. Boldt's lively interest in educational matters and it will be seen that in consenting to become a trustee he has rendered a distinct service to Cornell.

Thanksgiving Observance in Odd Places

By Jane A. Stewart

ALMOST EVERY nation has its counterpart of the American Thanksgiving. In some respects our Thanksgiving resembles the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. That was a national institution appointed by the great Jewish law-giver, Moses. It was also called "the feast of ingathering," held annually at the end of the harvest season. By dwelling during the feast in crude booths, or tabernacles, built of the branches of olive, palm, or pine trees outside the walls of Jerusalem, and within the streets, the Israelites were reminded of the struggles of their forefathers in the wilderness, unhoused, sometimes in despair, then filled with hope, ever pushing on in search of "the better country," where they might develop their national life. This feast recalled God's gracious guidance in past history and acknowledged present blessing in an abundant harvest. Its peculiar characteristic was the spirit of rejoicing, praise, and thanksgiving. This spirit entered largely into the life of ancient Israel. Not only in their law was "the sacrifice of thanksgiving" prescribed, but also their national hymns express praise and thanksgiving. "Harvest Home" has been celebrated as a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving in England from the time of the Druids. Both France and England have had many special thanksgiving days in commemoration of particular events. In Scotland they celebrate "Kern." Both Japan and China hold celebrations of thanksgiving with feasting when the fruits of the earth have been garnered.

Every nation has its own fashion of celebration. In striking contrast to the joyous and lavish Thanksgiving dinners of American families are the frugal repasts of the natives who live on the coasts of Alaska, and who are forced to wage a ceaseless warfare upon the whale, seal, and walrus for subsistence. In gathering materials for their Thanksgiving feast the efforts of the whole household are engaged. A young Alaskan girl will sit on blocks of ice, covered with a few skins, all day, fishing in the face of a bitter wind, with the temperature sixty degrees below zero. In hunting the seals the young boys locate the openings with keen-scented dogs trained for the purpose, harpooning the animals through holes in the ice when they come up to breathe. Walrus meat is the most highly-prized and appetizing part of the Alaskans' diet. No feast, Thanksgiving or otherwise, is considered complete without the head, which is thought to be the most delicious part. The reindeer-breeding Alaskans have a less difficult struggle for existence. But the neighborhood of a reindeer-herder's household or camp, as it will be found on Thanksgiving Day, is perhaps as desolate and dreary as any spot on the round earth. The reindeer furnishes food, clothing, and transportation

for the herder and his family, who are compelled to move constantly to keep near their herds, feeding on the moss under the hard crust of snow. Every forty-

Thanksgiving Day in the Land of Plenty.

TO all the poor of all the earth,
In every clime and place,
Of every color, age, and tongue,
Of every creed and race,
Who suffer famine's cruel scourge,
America sends greeting,
And bids them this Thanksgiving Day
To come enjoy good eating.

HER table with its viands rare
Extends from coast to coast,
The cattle on ten thousand hills
Supply the steak and roast.
Her crystal rivers teem with fish,
Her woods are full of nuts,
And streams of amber nectar flow
From all the cider-butts.

HER pumpkins are the biggest ones
That ever graced a field,
Her wheat, and corn, and orchard trees
Enormous in their yield.
Her vineyards in the autumn suns
Have never failed to thrive,
And there's a turkey in the coop
For every soul alive.

SHE is the hostess of the world.
Her hospitality
Is known on every mountain-top
And praised on every sea.
To feed the hungry universe
Lo! she is fully able,
With but the crumbs that yearly fall
From her Thanksgiving table.

MINNA IRVING.

eight hours the herder's frail skin-tent home is pulled down and set up again in the vicinity of his ever-roving flock.

Along the southern border of Mexico the natives still prepare their Thanksgiving feast with the primitive tools of ancient times. Beans and corn are ground into meal by the laborious aboriginal method, to make bread and frioles for the Thanksgiving dinner. The interest in Thanksgiving Day and its observance, it is perhaps surprising to learn, is just as intense among the Indians who have had an opportunity to become civilized and trained to American customs, as among the white people. It is said that there is as much enjoyment in the events of the day among the reservation Indians as in college towns where great football games are scheduled to occur. Among the Indians Thanksgiving is a day of feasting and sports. The government authorities have sanctioned the Thanksgiving festivities among the nation's wards. Many of the earlier celebrations included wild plans of amusement which have been wisely cut off.

One of these was "the beef issue," when a hundred cattle were turned loose in a large pasture. The young men, armed with rifles, mounted on mustangs, and cheered by the squaws and medicine-men, entered into the chase with wild yelling, and soon all the defenseless animals were slaughtered. The signal was then given and all the tribe rushed forward to secure their portion of the beef. A half beef was awarded to each squaw. Fires were then kindled on the open plain and the scene became a monstrous barbecue, with dancing and singing by the medicine-men and slaughterers. The government, because the "beef issue" feast had a tendency to make the Indian more wild and more difficult to civilize, some time ago prohibited the practice, although on special occasions the Indians are still permitted to kill their own meat.

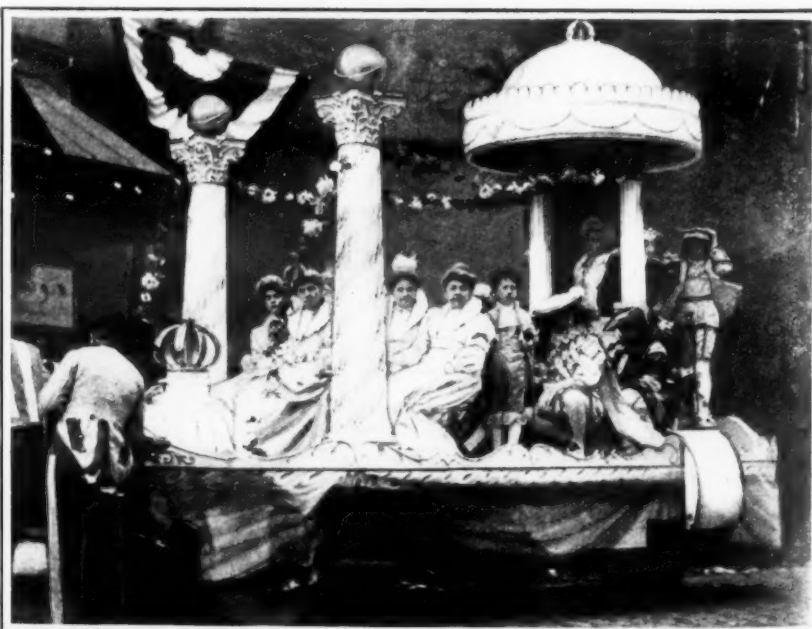
The spirit of thankfulness pervades the Indian Thanksgiving celebration. A Thanksgiving feast is enjoyed. And at night some of the reservation tribes take part in a "green-corn dance," at which thanks are offered to the Great Spirit for the good crops of the year. The Osages usually hold a big feast at Pawhuska, their capital city. The festivities are participated in by the entire tribe, and the missionary who lives in their midst and ministers to them offers a prayer of thanksgiving for the good things provided. Thanksgiving Day is eagerly anticipated by the students in the Indian schools. The native parents are invited to attend the exercises of the day, which are usually held in the chapel on Thanksgiving morning. Recitations and music are rendered, much to the amazement of the older Indians, who enjoy hugely the football and basket-ball contests.



GREAT CROWD ON STATE STREET, ALBANY, DURING THE HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL—STATE CAPITOL IN THE DISTANCE AT EXTREME LEFT.—Sayles.



THE QUEEN (MISS HESS), LORD CHANCELLOR (MR. B. V. SMITH), AND THE MAYOR (HON. CHARLES H. GAUS) LEAVING THE CAPITOL AFTER THE CORONATION CEREMONIES.—Reynolds.



ORNATE CHARIOT BEARING THE QUEEN AND HER ATTENDANT LADIES AND PAGES TO THE SCENE OF THE CORONATION AT THE CAPITOL.—Reynolds.

THE LEADING CARNIVAL OF THE PASSING AUTUMN.

PLEASING FEATURES OF THE BRILLIANT HALLOWEEN CELEBRATION AT ALBANY, N. Y., WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE.

The Traveler's Best Friend—The Ticket Agent

By Gilson Willets

A MILLION PERSONS are employed carrying a billion passengers a year on the railroads of this country. Most of the million employes look after the traveler's safety. The minority see to the traveler's comfort. In that minority are those who start you, the traveler, on your journey. They start you comfortably. To them you owe the calm that possesses you when you set forth knowing that you have a through ticket and the right change. The men who do that for you are your best friends at the beginning of your trip. Those good friends of yours are the ticket agents of the United States.

One of these, your friends the ticket agents, may be found at each of the 45,000 railway stations in the country. If the ticket agent is not at the station, he is represented in the person of the station agent. Enter the loneliest, littlest station in the desert of Arizona, there is your friend the ticket agent, or his representative; enter the greatest railroad station in the world—the Union station at Boston, covering fourteen acres, costing \$14,000,000, and accommodating 4,000 trains a day—and there you find the ticket agent in all the glory of his responsible position.

Let us see just how—in what practical way—the ticket agent is your friend. You are handed your right ticket and your exact change. You get these as in a lightning flash. But that rapidity with which your wants are met is the result of training. The ticket agent did not jump into his position. Into his place behind the ticket window or the counter he worked his way through sheer force of ability. That is, he came up to ticket agent through promotion from lower grades in the scale of railroad occupations. So, when you receive from him your right ticket and your exact change, you find that you are started off comfortably by one trained to be your friend.

Most ticket agents are men of standing in private life, as they are officials of importance in railroad life. Nearly all are men of family and of influence in the neighborhoods in which they live. Many are very well-to-do. Some of the general ticket agents are comparatively rich. So these men who are your friends when you travel are not mere clerks; they are of the staff of the railroad that employs them, and they are graduates of the school of experience in railroading.

They have their clubs and their associations. For example, there is the International Association of Ticket Agents that meets once a year. This year the association met, I think—I am not sure—in Mexico City. Last year the meeting place was Old Point Comfort. But wherever the agents meet, certain it is that the chief object of the meeting is to discuss plans involving more and still more comfort for you, the

traveler. There is also the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents. Both these organizations, and all the branches thereof, are influential bodies whose resolutions are of great weight and import in the railway world.

What are the qualifications that make a man a good ticket agent, that make him your useful friend? He must be affable, he must be courteous; not forced affability, not forced courtesy, but the real thing that is innate, that springs only from the heart of a true gentleman. He must wear a perennial smile, a genuine smile, though his patience is sorely taxed. Stand one hour beside a ticket agent at a great railway office, and you will agree that he possesses the patience of Job and the unflagging good nature of a philosopher. "How about my dog?" "May I take my parrot on the train?" "Where does my train pick up a 'diner'?" "What time do I get to Oakland, Cal., if I leave Bangor, Me., Tuesday noon?" These are only a few of the mildest, easiest, most common questions the ticket agent is called upon to answer in the course of sixty minutes at a big railway office.

It is evident that he must possess a marvelous memory. He must know, first of all, all the rules of his own road and of connecting roads in regard to passenger traffic. He must know all about such things as the rules relating to bicycles and to excess baggage. He must have, in a way, a memory that is automatic. That memory must automatically, on the instant, enable the ticket agent to name the fare from any one point on his road to any other point on his road—and even from main point to main point on connecting roads. Surely, your friend must be well-balanced mentally; he must have almost a superhuman knowledge of superficial, as well as of important, matters! As for knowledge of the geography of his road, and of all roads, he is a veritable Wise Man from the East.

Then, too, this friend of yours, this ticket agent, must be a student of human nature. He must read faces on sight. He must be quick to know you, an old lady; or you, a freshman; or you, an old traveler. He knows when and how he can help you, how to make your journey a success at the start. But the old traveler—that's the man the ticket agent knows by the very way the words "single to Blank," or "round trip to Blank," are uttered. A ticket agent told me that once in a while he meets an old traveler who knows more than he does about the geography of railroads. To that traveler the agent takes off his hat.

To sum up, the ticket agent is to a railroad what the room clerk is to a hotel. He is the "front." He is the man the traveler sees, and speaks to, and learns from, directly. He gives you a ticket for the same rea-

son that the room clerk gives you a key; that is, that you have possession of certain quarters and enjoy certain privileges as long as you hold that ticket or key. When you set out on your trip you do not see the president of the road; nor yet the general manager or the superintendent. But you do see the ticket agent, or his representative. So here, then, is your direct, first-hand friend. The railroad, to you, is a thing impersonal. The ticket agent, on the other hand, is a living, breathing, tangible, visible human being, very personal in the service he renders you, the traveler. All hail, then, to the ticket agent! May he rise to a place aloft in the official realm of his road. And yet, his gain will be the traveler's loss; for thousands of travelers to-day count as their principal pleasure in setting forth on a journey, that of seeing their personal railroad friend, the ticket agent. The ticket agent of to-day may be the railroad prince of to-morrow. Prince Hilkooff, Minister of Railroads in Russia, was once a ticket agent on one of our great railways.

Flagrant Abuse of Boxing in the Navy.

FREQUENT AND revolting abuse in the American navy of the "manly art of self-defense" has roused the indignation of good people all over the Union. Boxing in itself, when not indulged in to excess, is a healthful form of exercise and means of diversion. But it has been carried to an extreme in naval circles, having in many instances degenerated into mere brutal and even murderous prize-fighting. Some time ago the daily papers reported a formal encounter between two pugilistic sailors on board a war-vessel at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which discounted the fiercest battle ever fought in a prize-ring. The men pummeled one another unmercifully and the deck ran red with their blood, while their mates and their superiors stood by and applauded. On a similar occasion elsewhere one of the combatants was so badly injured that he died soon afterward. The nation has not yet ceased to shudder at the unhappy outcome of the prize-fight held, in flagrant violation of the rules, at the Annapolis Naval Academy, and resulting in the death of Midshipman Branch, of New York. The rage for these savage contests appears to pervade all ranks of the navy. Nor is our own navy the only sinner in matters of this sort. One of the leading features of the late meeting, in New York harbor, of the war-ships of Britain and America was the hot prize-fights between the champions of the respective fleets, affairs which were encouraged and even observed by many of the officers. In fact, the commanders of both fleets publicly approved of these encounters.



BOXING CARRIED TO EXTREMES IN THE AMERICAN NAVY.

GLOVE CONTEST, ALMOST EQUAL TO A REGULAR PRIZE-FIGHT, ON BOARD THE CRUISER "WEST VIRGINIA," WITNESSED AND APPLAUDED BY THE VESSEL'S CREW AND SEVERAL OF THE OFFICERS.

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A Famous Spanish Thanksgiving Dinner

By Frances Van Etten

OUR JOCULAR señora takes a merry view of the servant situation that is worthy the emulation of other housekeepers. She is not a graduate from a college for servants, but she holds a diploma which pronounces her the most gracious hostess who ever served a Spanish dinner. She lives in Pasadena, Cal., on a little side street, close to the electric railroad running between Los Angeles and Pasadena. She lives alone in an old-fashioned frame house, the exterior of which might bespeak an impoverished purse and an unsympathetic and inhospitable interior. But all of these indications fail with Señora Senares Gutierrez, for she has a bank account that would make the average business man green with envy. By nature she is most sympathetic and hospitable (at so much per head), and those who patronize her find her tables burdened with good things to eat, and fairly groaning under the Spanish delicacies prepared by the hands of this culinary wizard.

One cannot truthfully say that señora keeps a restaurant, for she entertains in her very roomy house, and only friends or her friends' friends. It is considered a privilege and a compliment to be served at her table with one of the wonderful dinners prepared by her hands. She is queen of her castle, and every one feels the genial magnetism while within it. She does all of her own cooking and serves all of her wines, having a couple of Spanish boys to wash dishes and wait upon customers in an emergency. She is so popular as a hostess that she finds but few leisure hours, and is in such perfect health that the days of toil bring but little weariness to forget in sleep. She spurns useless servants and insists upon being her own maid and butler. Her dignity does not prevent her opening the door to her guests, neither does fashion prevent her speeding one from its portal.

Señora has other accomplishments aside from that of cooking the best Spanish dinner ever served. She can sing a Spanish song with magnetism and dash, and play her own accompaniment besides. She can do a skirt-dance with the swing and grace of a Loie Fuller, while her guests look on in wonder and admiration; for one hardly expects to find such accomplishments within the reach of a woman of señora's type. Besides, she is no longer youthful, being beyond the first flush by a good many years; but her sprightliness and vivacity have not been dulled by time. Her hair is as black and as straight as an Indian's, and her brilliantly dark eyes illumine a face, with unusually fine features. She prides herself on her magnificently straight figure, and confided to the ladies of our party that it all came from wearing loose garments, deep breathing, plenty of physical and mental exercise, and a happy and contented disposition.

A word more about this wonderful old house and the surrounding gardens. The front door opens into a large, square reception-hall, in which are a baby-grand piano, a lounge and a few chairs, a stand, and some Spanish musical instruments. To the right of this hall is the main dining-room, and directly in front is the kitchen, where all of these delicious dinners are thrown together in the twinkling of an eye, apparently, by her own magic hands. The garden appeals to me as a reproduction of an old Spanish garden. Around it grows a hedge of large cacti, such as one finds about San Gabriel Mission fields, very tall and dense and having very large leaves. Towering over the house is an imposing old sycamore, the branches of which grow in and out of the piazza, in some places the latter having been cut away to accommodate them. This tree is wired for electricity and filled with colored incandescent lights, ingeniously placed through the branches and among the foliage.

When guests are ready to depart she presses an electric button by the front door on the piazza and the yard is flooded with light, and the street to the electric is also well lighted. Señora always accompanies her guests to the front gate, and, bidding them "Adios," turns out her vari-colored lights, and gives her attention once more to her kitchen and Spanish recipes for delicious dinners, which to her are invaluable treasures. However, she seemed very glad to tell the ladies of our party about her recipes, some of which I preserved and reproduce for the benefit of those who like this sort of cooking.

The dinner, which took place on Thanksgiving Day, began with soup *a la Espanol*, hot and red. It was rich in flavor and one to make us forget all other soups. She said that the principal thing to be remembered in making this famous soup were the bits of meat, called in Spanish "*Alboudigas de Gallina*."



QUAINT HOUSE AT PASADENA, CAL., IN WHICH ARE SERVED DELICIOUS SPANISH DINNERS.

They are rather difficult for the novice to make, and not a success unless one follows this genuine Spanish recipe:

One medium chicken, or the same quantity of veal or lamb, two onions, one egg, one tablespoonful of



SEÑORA SENARES GUTIERREZ, FAMED AS A COOK AND ENTERTAINER, STANDING IN HER PLEASANT GARDEN.

spearmint, a small clove of garlic, a teaspoonful of lard, half a large green pepper, or a whole small one, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three of flour, and one teaspoonful of black pepper.

It is very important that these ingredients be mixed



SERVANTS OF THE SEÑORA WHO RENDER HER FAITHFUL SERVICE.

thoroughly if one would get the best results. The meat must be removed from the bones and chopped very fine with the garlic, onion, and spearmint. Mix these with the other ingredients, and roll in balls about the size of a pigeon's egg. Chop the second onion fine and fry it brown in a saucepan, adding two quarts of boiling water; drop the little balls into this and allow to boil hard for an hour.

After this came *torta de camarrones* as the fish course. This consisted of shrimps made into croquettes, fairly swimming in red pepper sauce. They were palatable and appetizing despite their temperature. Next came *frijoles con queso*, which dish every

one is familiar with. Next following this, and indispensable to a Spanish dinner is *carne con chile*, the recipe for which is as follows: Three pounds round or tenderloin steak, a dozen red peppers, one onion, one tablespoonful of salt, four cloves of garlic, one tablespoonful of black pepper. The meat is to be cut into three-inch pieces and fried very brown in very little butter, and none at all if the steak is fat. Prepare the peppers the same as for Chili sauce; chop the onion and garlic and mix thoroughly with the meat; cover with water and allow to simmer for two hours. More water can be added while cooking if necessary. To make Chili sauce used in Spanish cooking, the seeds and fibres should be removed from a dozen red peppers, when they should be thoroughly scalded in sufficient boiling

water to entirely cover them. They should be thoroughly mashed with a heavy spoon or ordinary potato-masher, and then strained through a colander. Then add and mix perfectly one onion, thoroughly chopped, a tablespoonful of sweet marjoram, a teaspoonful of salt, and garlic to suit. All this should be cooked until of the consistency of thin batter. To impart more fire to the sauce, some veins of the peppers can be left in.

One of the most unusual vegetable dainties that señora serves at her dinner is rice. She calls it *arroz con tomates*, and it is beyond my power to give a creditable description of its delicacy and flavor; but here is señora's recipe for it:

One large coffee-cup of rice; four or five tomatoes, medium ripe; two-thirds teaspoonful of black pepper; one large onion, or two small ones; one tablespoonful (heaping) of pork fryings; five green peppers (small); one teaspoonful of salt. The rice should soak about three hours, until it is filled out perfectly. The fryings should be put into a hot spider. The onions and peppers and tomatoes and rice should all be chopped and thoroughly mixed together and put into the sizzling fat and allowed to fry until brown, when a pint or more of hot water should be added to the mixture, and all cooked at least a half-hour.

Another preparation, which appeals to me as a kind of relish, is *salza de tomates*, made thus: Take a dozen large green peppers, one large onion, or two small ones; a heaping teaspoonful of salt; six large, ripe tomatoes, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. The peppers should be toasted on top of the stove until they are ready to drop from their skins, when the latter, with the seeds, should be carefully removed. Scald and peel the tomatoes, and chop everything together thoroughly, and serve cold or hot.

The reputation of señora as a chef hangs largely upon the way in which she prepares and serves spring chickens. She tears the chicken apart in a most inhuman fashion, breaking the bones thoroughly in the preparation for frying or broiling, usually the former. She first dips the pieces of chicken in boiling-hot olive oil, and then puts them into the frying-pan and fries until crisp and brown on the outside, yet tender and juicy on the inside. With this is always served "*chiles rellenos*," a dish familiar to all Spaniards. It consists of green peppers stuffed with American cheese, rolled in a flour paste and fried. To make this latter requires great skill, and one must thoroughly understand just how to mix the ingredients.

Señora does not always condescend to serve what the Spanish call "*enchil-lactas*," but she did for our party for an extra consideration. It is very tedious to make and requires a great deal of time. Here is the recipe for it: One quart of corn meal, preferably the yellow, twelve chiles, one large onion, a pinch of garlic, one coffee-cup of lard, a half-pound of old, dry cheese, but not a bit musty, thirty-six large olives, four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of black pepper, a teaspoonful of oregano. The corn meal must be boiled until forming a dough and allowed to get cold, when it is cut into slices an inch or two inches wide.

The lard is put into a frying-pan, and when it boils you drop the slices into it, allowing them to remain there until they become evenly browned all over. The seeds and fibres should be removed from the chiles the same as for the sauce preparation, excepting that the sauce is thicker, and while hot dip the slices in and let them become thoroughly steeped in the hot fat. Then chop the olives and onions, and mix with the grated cheese and other ingredients. These slices should be placed in a deep dish and covered with the sauce until the latter is absorbed. It should always be kept hot. The "*café negro*" finished this spicy dinner, and we all felt indebted to our host and hostess, who introduced us to the genial señora.

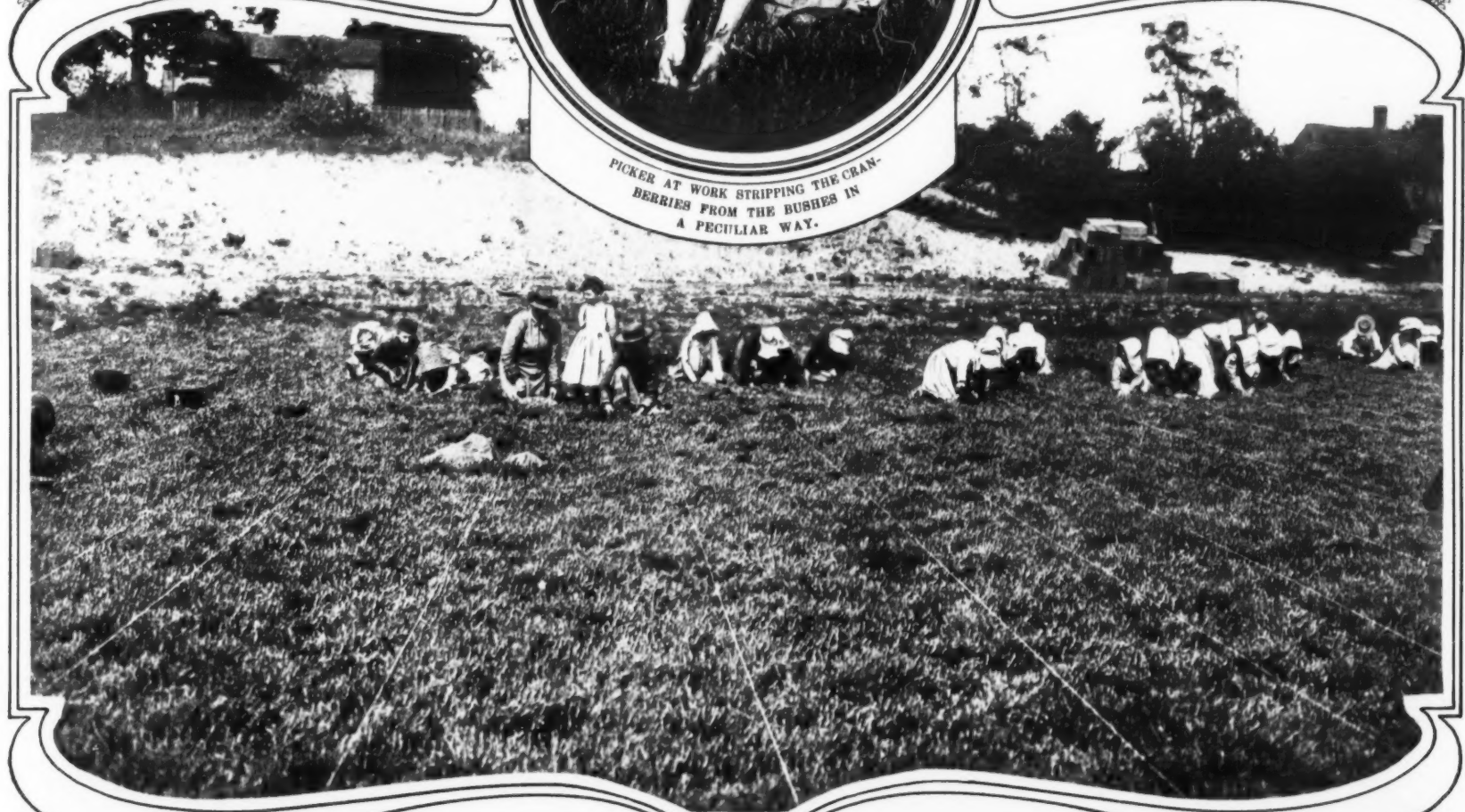


CRANBERRY MARSH SIX MONTHS AFTER PLANTING, SHOWING PLANTS AND RUNNERS.

FLOODED CRANBERRY MARSH, WITH BERRIES ON THE BUSHES, EIGHTEEN INCHES UNDER WATER.



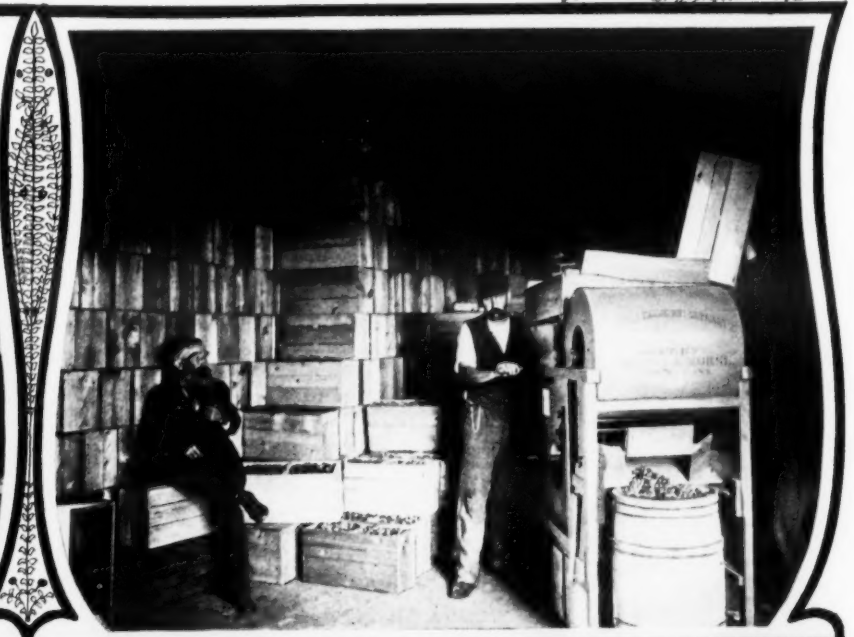
PICKER AT WORK STRIPPING THE CRANBERRIES FROM THE BUSHES IN A PECULIAR WAY.



FORCE OF CRANBERRY PICKERS BEGINNING A DAY'S WORK.



CARTING CRANBERRIES FROM THE FIELD TO THE WINNOWING SHED.



WINNOWING THE BERRIES TO FREE THEM FROM FOREIGN SUBSTANCES.

HOW THE LUSCIOUS CRANBERRY IS GROWN AND GATHERED.
SUCCESSIVE STEPS IN THE IMPORTANT INDUSTRY WHICH SUPPLIES THE DELICIOUS SAUCE FOR THE THANKSGIVING
TURKEY.—Photographs by C. C. Johnson. See page 492.



No More Shotgun Quarantines for Yellow Fever



By Dr. J. H. White, Surgeon United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service



OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH AND MARINE HOSPITAL SERVICE WHO DID EFFICIENT WORK AT NEW ORLEANS DURING THE YELLOW-FEVER EPIDEMIC OF 1905.—Tennison.

WHEN, ON the 8th of August, the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service assumed charge, by request of the Governor of Louisiana and the mayor of the city of New Orleans, of the measures for the eradication of the yellow fever then existent in New Orleans, there had already occurred 616 cases and 112 deaths, these figures including an estimate by the city health-officer that there had occurred, prior to July 21st, 100 cases and 20 deaths. I believe it is not unfair to assume that there were 150 unknown foci to be handled; but be this as it may, there certainly was a much larger number of difficulties of this character than had ever before presented themselves to any sanitary organization. The difficulties involved in the eradication of yellow fever in the city of New Orleans were many times greater than those encountered in the city of Havana when the successful fight was made there, in 1901. Havana had no cisterns, no flat and naturally undrained ground, and possessed a docile population accustomed to strict military discipline, yielding implicit obedience to authority; while New Orleans, a city of 325,000 inhabitants, cosmopolitan in character, spread out over a vast area, living, for the most part, in small, wooden houses, many of them not tight enough to fumigate without great precaution being taken to retain the sulphur fumes, with some 66,000 cisterns to be screened, and with no sanitary sewers in operation—though many miles of such sewers soon will be completed—presented, in the very nature of things, a most serious problem.

Despite all these difficulties, when the situation confronting them was realized by the citizens they rose to the occasion with a patriotism and unanimity of action such as it has never before been my privilege to witness. The amount of money named by me as being necessary for the conduct of the campaign was, if anything, somewhat over-subscribed; and the citizens, who, in the meantime, had formed themselves into what were known as the "Citizens Volunteer Ward Organizations," with headquarters in each of the seventeen wards of the city, undertook the screening of all cisterns, the cleansing of gutters, removal of obstructions to the flow of water, even the cleaning of vaults, and various other measures which might facilitate drainage and dryness, thus purifying the breeding-places of the *Stegomyia fasciata*, which, I take it, is now accepted by all rational people as the sole transmitter of the disease from man to man.

I will state, briefly, that the organization of our service for this work was in the shape of sixteen divisions, corresponding exactly to the municipal subdivisions of the city, with the exception that wards sixteen and seventeen were embraced in one headquarters. Each of these districts was placed in command of a service officer, either regularly commissioned or an acting assistant surgeon, each being provided with such clerical assistance and such forces of inspectors, screeners, and disinfectors as the conditions in each district seemed to warrant. Provision was made for quick communication by the installation of telephones in each of the ward headquarters, three being placed in the main office, where the work, of course, centred. All cases, suspicious or positive, whether reported to the city board of health, the ward headquarters, or the central office, ultimately reached the various ward headquarters through a system of reporting back adopted at the beginning of the campaign. Every case reported as in the slightest degree suspicious was promptly screened, placed under a mosquito net, and if the condition of the patient justified it, he was temporarily removed, the room fumigated, the patient then brought back, and the remainder of the house fumigated. After the convalescence of the patient was established a second fumigation of the whole house, as well as of those on either side and in the rear, was done in order to assure ourselves that there would be no spread from this particular case. In all cases an effort was made to ascertain the whereabouts of the patient during the six days immediately preceding the attack, and in this manner a large number of hidden foci were unearthed and eradicated. This

practice has been continued with practically no change, and it is sufficient to say that, while the number of cases steadily rose until the maximum number reported per diem was 105 on the 12th day of August, from that time they began steadily to decline, with the exception of a slight rise in September, until, at this writing, the average is about five per day.

Now, as to the other problem involved in this work, I wish—in answer to a certain criticism, which I know to be entirely friendly because it emanates from gentlemen who would not stultify themselves from any motive, to the effect that it had been better if the service had remained on the outside and endeavored to bring about sane and rational quarantine—to say that it is impossible for any one not on the ground to realize how impracticable is the establishment of a sane and rational quarantine in communities as yet untouched. For instance, I do not believe that a regiment of regulars could have enforced the admission, even upon the health certificate, of a person from New Orleans into any of the cities of the neighboring States, nor do I propose to criticize those cities because it is the unvarnished truth. They have not been accustomed to the methods which I believe to be rational and proper in dealing with yellow fever, the test of which method was, of necessity, to be made in the city of New Orleans, and it was made in this way. By my advice the city did not quarantine against any other community except in so far as demanding certificates of good health and non-residence in an infected house was concerned. In this connection it may be asked, with an apparent show of justice, why should an infected city quarantine. The answer is that this city, except in one portion, was only slightly infected, and it was only right and proper to protect the, as yet, non-infected portion, which I proposed to do by measures entirely novel, so far as I am aware, in dealing with yellow fever.

These measures consisted simply in admitting those who desired to come here, merely keeping them under surveillance for a period of six days, in order that they might not develop a case of the prevailing sickness unobserved, holding to the opinion then, as I have for some time past, that a case of yellow fever known is a case of yellow fever extinguished, and having no fear that this community would become further infected, even should those entering the city develop the disease. To the credit of those thus admitted on such certificates be it said that they gave their correct addresses and acquiesced in the inspection required. None of them, so far as I am aware, developed a case of fever. The city had its infection added to from the outside many, many times, but it was through the instrumentality of persons who slipped in, and not by those who were openly admitted, despite the fact that the latter came from highly infected centres, such as the unfortunate little town of Patterson. It is hoped that this object-lesson in rational quarantine may be taken to heart by local health officers all over the country, for the results achieved have certainly justified its adoption in lieu of the barbarous shotgun quarantine.

There is one other point in connection with the yellow-fever outbreak in New Orleans which I also desire to emphasize, and that is the demonstration which has been made, as will be shown, of the great mistake which has heretofore been committed in supposing that railway trains carry infection to any appreciable extent; and one illustration seems to me amply sufficient on this subject, and that is that about a hundred Mississippi guardsmen, serving as train inspectors for that State, were inside of cars with passengers from New Orleans; that these cars left the city of New Orleans, went to the Alabama State line, and returned daily, with these inspectors traveling both ways, clear across the State of Mississippi, day and night, for over sixty days, without the infection of a solitary guardsman. It seems to me that nothing could more clearly demonstrate the fact that train infection is a myth.

In conclusion, I cannot too emphatically state my

opinion that the infector, the *Stegomyia fasciata*, remains very close to the point where it receives its infection, and that for all practical purposes the disinfection of the houses themselves will result in the elimination of the infection in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. The demonstration of the possibility that yellow fever can be eliminated before the arrival of frost should be of incalculable advantage to the South in general, and to New Orleans in particular, and ought, it seems to me, to do away forever with the barbarous institution known as "shotgun quarantine."

The Thanksgiving Cranberry Crop.

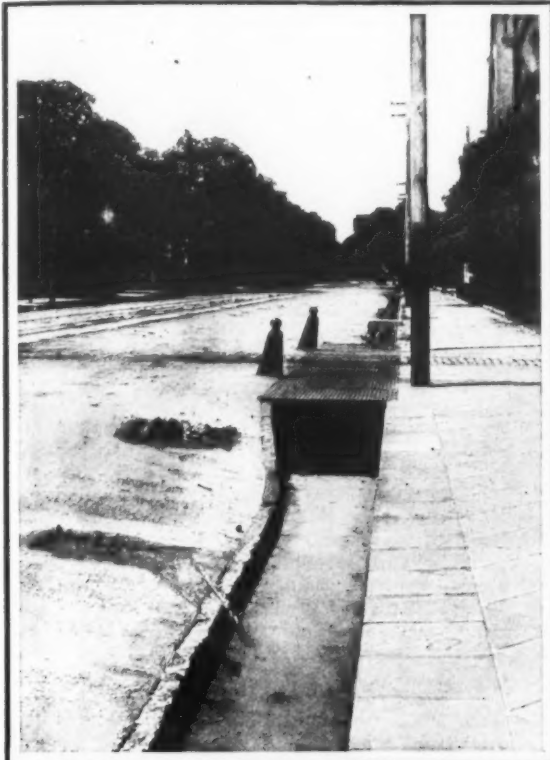
NOT FOR a long time has the Thanksgiving cranberry been so attractive as this year. It seems a pity the big, high-colored, bugle-shaped berries cannot be placed upon the Thanksgiving board in a form as delightful as that in which they come from the dealer. No matter how much the sauce may please the palate, it cannot evoke the pleasure found in the spectacle offered in the markets, where the berries look out at one from crate and barrel, with a coloring as beautiful as that of a Franz Hals painting. Cranberry sauce is likely to be more costly to most persons this year than last, as the crop of 1905 is down to 900,000 bushels, a 30 per cent. drop from 1904. This fact has created prices ranging from ten to fifteen cents a quart, with a decided list toward the latter. In 1904 there should have been a bumper crop, but this was prevented by frost, the cranberry's most dreaded enemy. Various causes brought about the present shortage, but frost was not one of them, because the growers exercised unusual care, resulting in an early harvest and high-quality yield.

The Cape Cod country, in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, produces the greater part of the cranberries grown. New Jersey comes next, and then Wisconsin. Long Island producers raise fine cranberries, and this year have done better than usual. Michigan grows cranberries, and so do Ohio and Illinois, while Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and the State of Washington contribute to the total. New York is the principal shipping point, but the cranberry interests of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Kansas City are large. Cranberries grow in bogs or marshes, as they are commonly called. The best soil for them is clear, sharp sand, overlaid by peat. These marshes are usually subjected to a system of irrigation, because they require an extraordinary amount of water, and the rainfall would ordinarily be insufficient to supply them with what they need. Besides, if frost is feared, a few inches of water over the tops of the vines prevents injury. Generally, the water on a flooded marsh stands about eighteen inches deep. It is a beautiful sight—the rich red of the cranberries gleaming through the silvery tones of the water, all against the verdant background afforded by the tiny bushes on which the berries grow.

In harvest time cranberry marshes are divided into sections, whose lines are stout twine. The picker places his hands, with fingers slightly spread, beneath the cranberry bush. He then allows the branches to slip through his fingers, thus stripping the bush of berries. If a mechanical picker is used the machine simply replaces the fingers. After picking, the berries are put through a winnowing machine, which eliminates foreign substances. This done, they are crated or barreled, and sent to market. New York City annually consumes from 100,000 to 150,000 barrels of cranberries, and the amount is growing. In fact, the cranberry has at no time been so popular as at present. It has become the most dangerous competitor of that ancient American delicacy, apple sauce.

CHARLES G. JOHNSON.

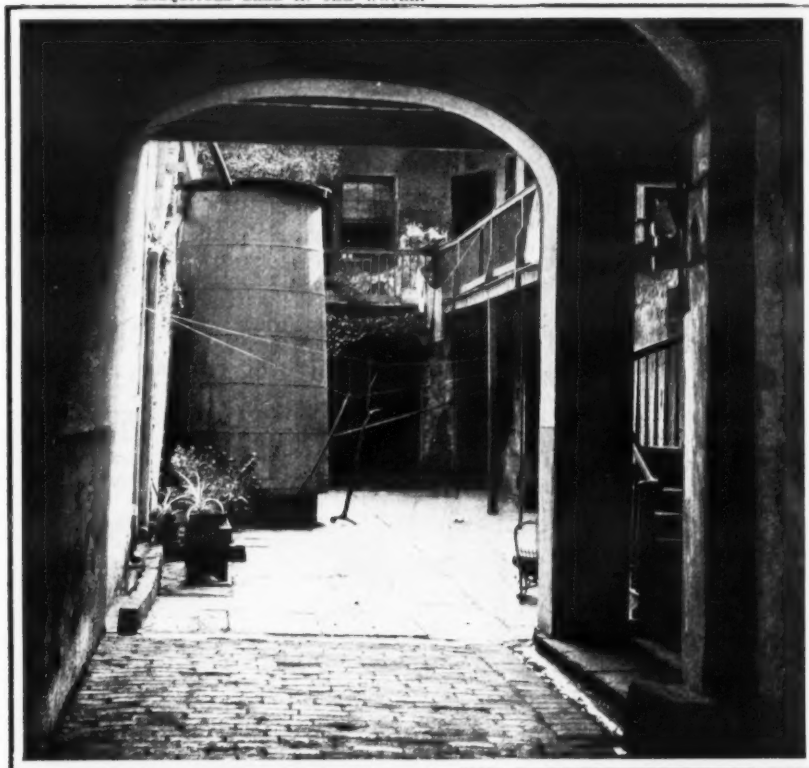
THE first thing in the morning, if you need a bracer, should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it



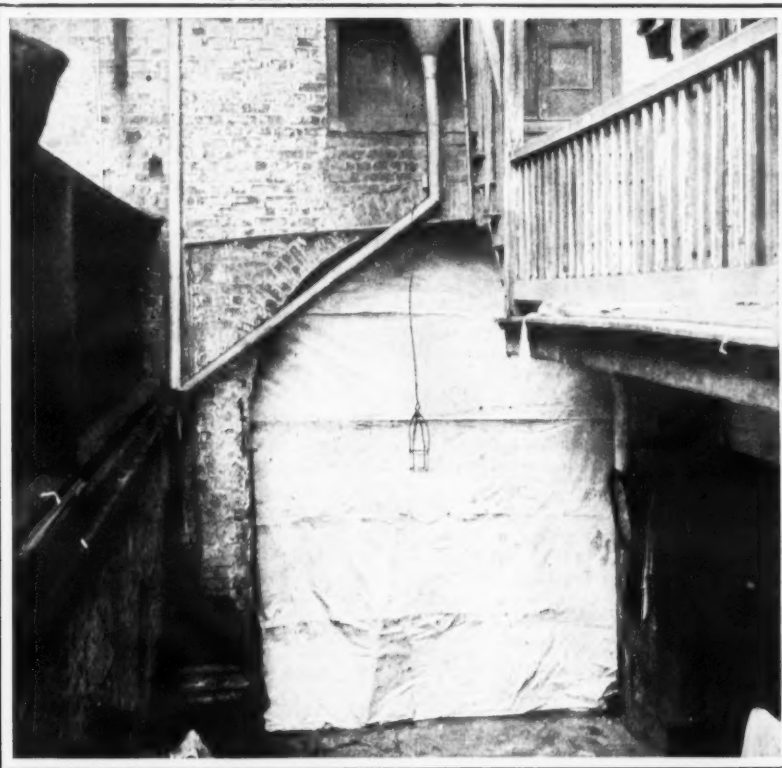
OPEN GUTTER ON A FASHIONABLE STREET AND IN FRONT OF A MILLIONAIRE'S RESIDENCE—FEVER-SPREADING MOSQUITOES BRED IN THE WATER.



ONE OF THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL BUILDINGS FUMIGATED, OF LATE, BI-WEEKLY, SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF SULPHUR BEING USED EACH TIME IN A STRUCTURE OF THIS SIZE.



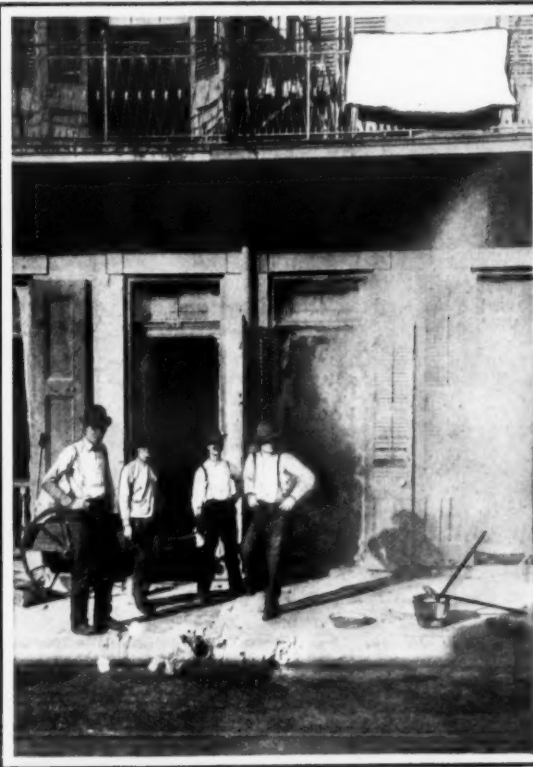
INSANITARY OLD FRENCH COURTYARD WITH A CISTERN IN IT, A CHARACTERISTIC OF NEW ORLEANS—ONE OF THE PLACES WHICH CONTAINED THE GERM OF THE PLAGUE.



TYPICAL HOUSE IN "FRENCH TOWN," MOST DIFFICULT TO FUMIGATE—PAPER HAD TO BE PASTED OVER THE DOORLESS ARCHWAY, AND MOSQUITO-BREEDING RUBBISH LITTERED THE COURT-YARD.



WARD IN THE OLD EMERGENCY HOSPITAL WHERE NETTING HAD TO BE USED TO PROTECT THE PATIENTS FROM INFECTING MOSQUITOES.



FUMIGATORS AT THE DOOR OF A NEWLY RE-OPENED HOUSE, WHERE SEVERAL CASES OF YELLOW FEVER HAD OCCURRED.

THE LATE YELLOW-FEVER EPIDEMIC IN NEW ORLEANS.

UNWHOLESOME CONDITIONS WHICH FOSTERED THE PLAGUE, AND GLIMPSES OF THE STRENUOUS BATTLE WITH THE LATTER.—*Photographs by John N. Teunisson. See opposite page.*



A THANKSGIVING ALL ROUND



By Harriet Prescott Spofford

THE SEA roared outside the cove with fore-warning of storm.

"I'll put some pine cones on. That'll brighten it up," said Susan.

"I fetched home all the drift there was lyin' roun' the shore."

"That's ter git breakfus' 'ith to-morrer. An' arter that—dear knows! An' winter most here. To-morrer's Thanksgivin'," said Susan, straightening her little, thin shoulders as if she threw off a load. "Per'aps somebody'll bring us thin's."

"I don't want folks ter bring us thin's," said Andy. "Jes' hear that sea pound! All I want is a chanst ter work. 'T seems ef there was enough work in the world ter give me my eheer. Ef Mis' Hayden warn't 's queer as two sticks, she'd let me chop the wood up there, 'stid o' doin' it herself—an' she a woman!" said Andy, with severity. "Mr. Morse allus hires it done w'en he can't see to 't himself."

"Mis' Morse said they'd be home ter Thanksgivin', but here it is, an' no Mis' Morse. 'T seems ef thin's warn't so bad w'en Mis' Morse is ter the cove. She buys my mats, an' lets you fix cheers, an' fills a basket for us, an' makes us feel 's ef we could hold together till sumthin' happens. I feel sort o' safe w'en Mis' Morse is there. I du hate ter hear the sea break so."

"Them selec' men was here ag'in ter-day ter see ef they couldn't take us to the poor-farm."

"Wa-al, I guess not! Not w'ile we hev this place! This is a good place, Andy. It's seven good acres to it, rich lan' right in the cove valley. Ef we could keep two cows we'd have feed enough fer 'em, an' you could fetch in the sea-weed; I'd help—an' we could bring up the lan' an' hev a markit-garding fer the summer beach-folks, an' lay up money. An' I wouldn't call the King my uncle! Poor-farm, I guess! W'y, ye couldn't never hear the waves there!"

"Say, now, honest, Susan," said the boy, his freckled face ruddy in the blaze the pine cones shed about the poor little bare-floored room, where the only ornaments were a cracked looking-glass and some pictures cut from newspapers; "honest, ef you could hev yer wish, w'at would ye wish?"

The face of the girl bloomed in the rosiness that made even the half-fed boy less gaunt.

"Fer jes' now?" she asked; "or fer keeps? Ef it's fer jes' now, I'd hev my big braided mat on the floor 'stid o' sellin' it, an' a roas' pullet fer supper, 'ith taters an' lots o' gravy to it, an'—but ef it's fer keeps ye mean," Susan went on, gravely, "I'd wish Mis' Morse ter take w'er live up there, an' help du the work, an' you, too, ter chop the wood, and milk, an' see ter the chores, an' lay by our pay till we could fix up here—"

"I do no's I'd want any pay. It'd be pay enough jes' ter live along o' them an' little Huldy."

"But anybody'd order be paid fer livin' 'ith Mis' Hayden," said Susan, laughing.

"Mis' Hayden won't be there allus, mebbe. Mis' Morse on'y left her ter take keer o' Huldy an' see ter thin's."

"Mebbe she wouldn't be so—so cross, ef 'twas jes' her own. It makes you mighty fussy, Andy, ter hev the keer o' other folks' thin's."

"She was cross, warn't she, the day she called you a hussy, an' me a beggar?"

"We warn't beggin'!"

"Course not!"

"I don't so much mind her talk, ef she'd on'y let father an' mother be. She was awfle sarcey about them."

And a tear spun off Susan's thick drab lashes.

"It don't hurt father an' mother none," said Andy.

"But it riled me like sixty w'en I see her take you by the shoulder an' set you outside the door, an' you goin', any way, 's fast 's you could."

"I don't s'pose she meant ter hurt. But the marks o' her fingers was there next day. She ain't



"TWO FIGURES COMING UP THE SLOPE OF THE HILL WITH THE BIG BUNDLE BETWEEN THEM."

got a real peaceable dsp'sition. But then, she ain't got a real bad heart, neither. She sot up all night with Sady Manners, you know, an' onst she giv' the minister a new great coat."

"But she thinks it a shame ter be poor," pitching on the last handful of cones.

"We ain't poor. We own this place. So that can't be the reason she acts so. But I'm mos' skeered to go up there again, Andy. I promised Mis' Morse the big, braided mat by Thanksgivin', though, an' it's too big fer me ter carry alone, an' so I s'pose you'll hev ter help me. I'd like ter git it on the floor 'fore Mis' Morse gits there—"

"She said not ter let her ketch sight o' us up there ag'in—"

"But we've gotter go 'ith this. I tell you w'at. She'll be goin' ter meetin' to-morrer mornin'. We'll see the red feather in her bunnit, an' her red shawl turnin' the corner o' the road, an' then we'll go. On'y jes' think, Andy, how pleasant 'twould be ef you an' me was there fer keeps! You'd be goin' an' comin'."

"I'd hev a doughnut or a piece o' pie, or some buttered bread an' m'lasses fer you every time you come roun'; an' little Huldy 'd be hangin' on one side the table w'en I was rollin' out cookies, or ironin', or w'atever; an' I'd keep the kitching jes' shinin'; an' evenin's I'd darn stockin's, an' you'd do your wood-carvin', or play your fiddle—"

"It 'ud be jes' heaven!" said Andy.

The pine cones had blazed out. The room grew chilly. The two children went to the window, as they did every night, and looked up at the sky. Their father and mother seemed nearer to them when they could see the great pathway of the stars. But to-night a veil was drawn across the sky, and one saw the stars only between clouds driving on a wind from the sea.

"Jes' hear it blow. I hope there ain't no sailors out ter be ketched alongshore. I'm glad you never took ter the sea, Andy," said Susan. "You'll be a fust-class farmer some day."

"Tain't goin' ter be a fust-class Thanksgivin' day."

"Yes, it is!" said Susan. "As long as you an' me've got each other an' the place, it's Thanksgivin' all the time!"

And the wind swept on round the old east gable and sang to sleep these children whose castle in Spain was the chance to work in a friendly neighbor's house.

Andy's foreboding was justified in the morning. It was a gray day of coming storm. The rocks of the ledge were slippery with frozen foam and there were no fishing-boats at all in sight. There was nothing alluring in all the scene to little Huldy as she breathed on the window-pane and made figures there with her small finger. From far across the bay she heard the bell ringing for meeting. Mis' Hayden had gone; she had left the turkey dressed and dredged for the oven. But there did not seem to be much Thanksgiving for Huldy—very possibly no turkey. She had wet her feet the night before, and as she couldn't go to meeting she was to learn sixteen verses in the chapter of the Beatitudes, and she had to pull out a loose tooth, and as she had been heard to say that "Mis' Hayden was as cruel as the Moabites who passed their children through the fire," she was now to say that she loved Mis' Hayden. And she didn't love Mis' Hayden. And Aunt Rosy never liked to have her say what wasn't true. Unless all these conditions were met, she could have none of the turkey, or the little mince pie that Aunt Rosy, when she went away, had said should be baked in a saucer for her, and only her.

If Uncle John only knew about Mis' Hayden! But it would be tattling to tell him, and Aunt Rosy didn't like to have her tattle. She had supposed that her dear Aunt Rosy and Uncle John would be at home for Thanksgiving; but Mis' Hayden said last night she guessed she could take it out in supposing. Mis' Hayden had tied the long thread about the tooth before she went. She had hurt a little, and the tears started to Huldy's eyes. "Cry, you baby!" Mis' Hayden had exclaimed. But Huldy didn't cry. "I've be'n

expectin' you'd swaller it in your sleep nex' thin'. There! Now, ef it don't storm no wuss, an' Sam Ketchum's boat's there, I sh'll come back acrost the cove, 'stid o' walkin' all the way round. W'en the hour han' gets to there," pointing out the place on the clock, "you shove the turkey in. Now, you mind! And don't you let no tramps in." And Huldy, feeling that she went to execution, said "Yes'm."

But the tooth was still unpulled, and the verses were still unlearned, and Huldy stood at the window, the slow tears of loneliness and misery stealing down her little cheek.

"I s'pose I deserve it," she said. "But if Aunt Rosy was only here!" And the gray sea, tumbling drearily on the ledges at the mouth of the cove, seemed drearier than ever, and the village at the far end of the shore, with the meeting-house and the lighthouse, seemed farther away. "Oh, I wisht I warn't so lonesome," she half sobbed.

Perhaps it was because she saw them through her tears that the two figures coming up the slope of the hill with the big bundle between them looked so large. It was Andy and Susan Sloper—how grown-up they seemed! They were bringing the big braided mat for Aunt Rosy. In summer they brought flowers and berries, and Aunt Rosy always gave them several times the value of the things, but Mis' Hayden gave them what she called "a flea in the ear."

Mis' Hayden had said she wouldn't have the Slopers round—"a passle o' beggars that'd take the eye teeth out'n your head!" Huldy felt that Mis' Hayden was like those aristocratic dogs that bark at the workingman in his overalls and with his dinner-pail; Aunt Rosy's servant, for the time being, and poor herself, she had small sympathy with those who were poorer still.

Huldy knew Mis' Hayden would not wish her to let the boy and girl come in. But Aunt Rosy always let them in, and said she respected the orphan children who tried to take care of themselves. Huldy's conscience was not entirely easy; but they were cold, and the fire was good; and then she wanted them herself; and she ran to the door as if she had been welcoming angels. After all, Andy and Susan were not tramps.

"My!" said Susan, as soon as she could move her half-numb lips. "You gotter draw a tooth? You're skeered. I useter be. 'Tain't northin'. 'Twon't hurt the least mite. Don't ye want me ter do it fer ye?"

"Oh, no, no," said Huldy, stepping back. "I—I ain't ready yet."

"You never will be. Jes' don't wait ter be ready."

"And I've got sixteen verses to learn, too—"

"Which ones be they?"

"Blessed are the—"

"Oh, I know 'em! Mother learned 'em ter me w'en she was sick. They're dead easy. Here, I'll show ye. You let me tie the thread ter the latch fust—"

and Susan suited the action to the word before Huldy could help herself. "You needn't ter run backward, if ye don't wantter," she said. "But ye won't learn no verses 'ith that tooth on yer mind. Jes' wait a minute till I come back."

And Susan slipped carefully and sidewise into the porch and closed the door behind her. It opened outward and in another instant Susan had pulled it open, and there was a tiny gap in Huldy's mouth. "Now," said Susan, coming in, "if you don't put your tongue in that place you'll hev a gold tooth."

"I don't want a gold tooth," said Huldy. "Mis' Hayden's got one. And oh, Susan, the worst of it all is I've gotter say I love Mis' Hayden before I can have any turkey."

"My! I'd say I love Mis' Hayden, quick as winkin', fer some turkey!"

"But you don't, you know."

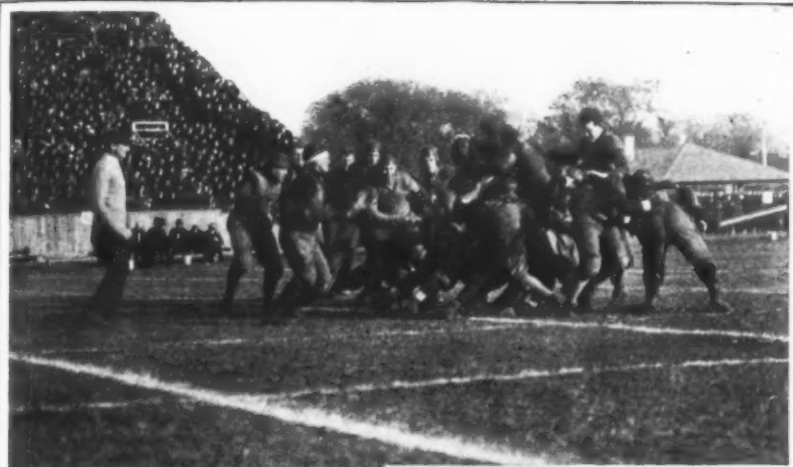
"I'd try—real hard—"



"I S'POSE I DESERVE IT," SHE SAID. "BUT IF AUNT ROSY WAS ONLY HERE!"



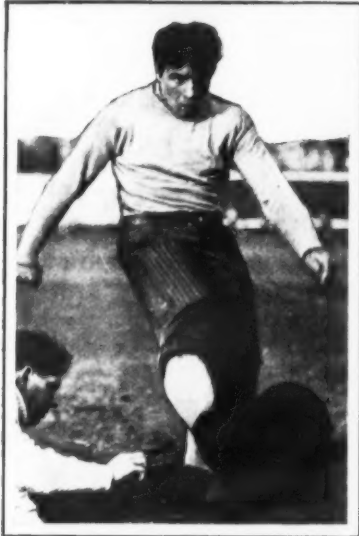
"EVERY NOW AND THEN HULDY AND SUSAN WERE OPENING THE DOOR TO BASTE IT."



A HURDLER CHECKED IN THE SPECTACULAR CHICAGO-NORTHWESTERN GAME AT EVANSTON, ILL.—Wright.



YALE AND COLUMBIA IN A SCRIMMAGE AT NEW YORK, WITH YALE'S BALL ON COLUMBIA'S 25-YARD LINE.—A. E. Dunn.



CAPTAIN FISHER, OF COLUMBIA, TRYING FOR A GOAL.—Earle.



SIGHTLESS FOOTBALL PLAYERS OF THE KENTUCKY INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, AT LOUISVILLE, AND THE BLIND CRESCENT HILL TEAM ENGAGED IN A REMARKABLE CONTEST. Louisville Photographing Company.



VON SALZA, COLUMBIA'S STURDY FULL-BACK.—Earle.



F. J. FURMAN, CORNELL'S EFFICIENT GUARD.—Earle.



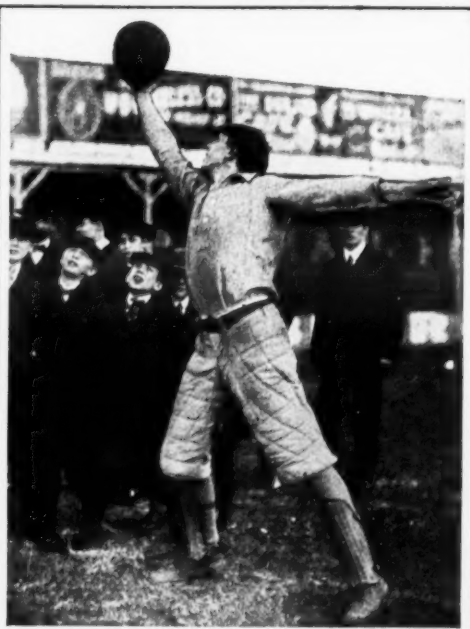
A "THROW-IN FROM TOUCH"—EXCITING MOMENT IN THE RECENT "SOCKER" FOOTBALL CONTEST BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA, AT MONTREAL.—Smith.



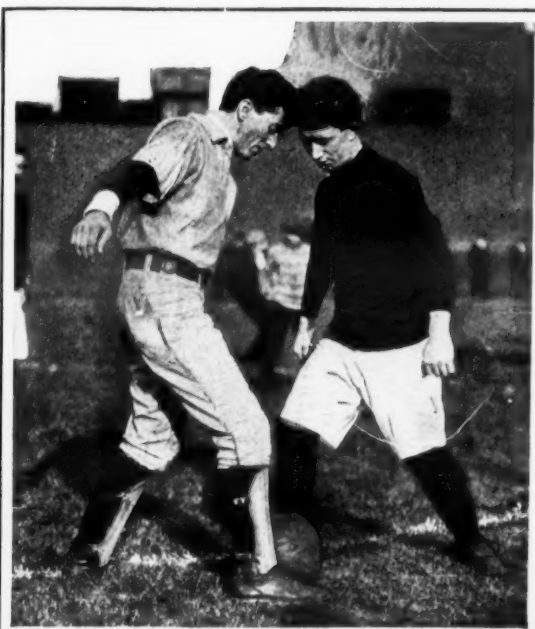
L. A. WALDER, CORNELL'S HEAVY HALF-BACK.—Earle.



AN ILLUSTRATION OF "SOCKER" FOOTBALL, AS THE GAME IS PLAYED IN ENGLAND.—Schmidt.



GOAL-KEEPER IN "SOCKER" FOOTBALL—THE ONLY MAN WHO IS ALLOWED TO TOUCH THE BALL WITH HIS HANDS.—Schmidt.



"DRIBBLING" THE BALL—AN INTERESTING DETAIL OF THE "SOCKER" GAME, WHICH IS GROWING IN FAVOR.—Schmidt.

STRENUOUS FOOTBALL PLAYERS AND STIRRING INCIDENTS OF RECENT GAMES. SPECTACULAR FEATURES OF THE TWO STYLES OF THE GAME WHICH IMPART A ZEST TO THE SEASON'S CLOSING DAYS.

"She's so—so—"
"Well, the Bible sez ter love them that despite-fully use ye."

"Oh, that makes it worse still—because then I must!"

"Wa-al, le's try. She means all right. She—she can't *du jes'* right, poor thin'. I jes' pity her, don't you? It must be drettle oncomfortable ter be so cross. An' w'en you pity anybody you feel sort o'—sort o' tender; an' mebbe ye git ter lovin' afore ye know it. God loves her, I s'pose. Le's see," said Susan, twisting her drab hair a trifle more tightly, her broken comb between her teeth. "You got one o' the verses in that chapter a'ready, hain't ye? The one about despitefully use ye. I do' no' but I'll stay. P'raps Mis' Hayden'll let me an' Andy wash the dishes an' split the kindlin's. We ain't got no pie to home. Now I'll say the fust verse over an' over; an' then you say it. I bet we'll hev them verses 'fore it's time ter put that turkey in the oven. Did she leave you ter do that? My! It'd be all I could do ter heft it!"

The turkey was in the oven. Every now and then Huld and Susan were opening the door to baste it, and letting out an odor of crisp savoriness that made Andy's mouth water as he sat whittling shavings into the wood-box.

"The tooth's out, and I guess the verses are most done," said Huld. "You're reel good, Susan. But you can't help me about lovin' Mis' Hayden. I've be'n tryin'—and I don't love her! Oh, Susan! oh, Andy! What's that? What's that?"

It was a cry, loud and shrill, repeated and repeated, coming in on the wind from the sea.

A woman's voice—perhaps a boy's, too. A cry with something awful in it—the hollowness of all outdoors. The three children ran to the window and looked out over the gray cove beyond which the sea was showing a lip of froth in the coming storm. There was a boat there, not very far away, tossing from swell to swell, the tide setting in, the wind blowing in, and all bearing it directly upon the reef. In a moment or two they saw in it two people, a woman and—was the other a boy? Yes, yes! They could see a gleam of red. Presently more red. "Oh, it's Mis' Hayden!" cried Huld. "I know it's Mis' Hayden! It's her red feather, an' her red shawl! Oh, I don't see—"

"How in the world did she come over there!" cried Susan. "She'll be drowned, sure as day!"

"Sure as day!" said Andy. "That feller's lost his oar an' he don't know how to scull, an' he ain't strong enough to head her off the reef."

"It's Sam Ketchum. She said she'd mebbe come home 'ith him," said Huld. "She's took him so's to come quicker'n walkin' roun' the bay. Oh, my! oh, my! An' a storm comin' on. Andy, ain't there noth'n—"

But Andy was already out of the house, tying his muffler round his throat as he ran, and skipping down from rock to rock of the long ledge that bounded one side of the cove. The wind was rising every minute, and the sea outside the cove was swelling over the bar, where now and again a combing breaker swept in and its subsiding swell lifted and tossed the helpless boat, and the outcry from it rang out afresh on the wind.

"Where's the clothes-line an' the reel?" cried Susan. "In the shed?" And directly she was out and after Andy.

"I do' no', I do' no'," wailed Susan, "as we can do anythin'. But we can try. An' there's nothin' beats a trial but a failure!"

What an interminable distance it was to the point of rocks! It seemed to Huld, laboring after the others, and quite forgetting yesterday's wet feet and this morning's sore throat, that they would never reach the end. She clambered on, never seeing the pools in whose wine-dark deeps in summer she was wont to watch the sea-life and gather the lace-like mosses. Her glance flew distractedly from Andy to the boat, from the boat to Susan, from Susan to her own precarious path, and now with horror to the white apparition of a breaker looming and looking over the bar with sinister assurance. "Oh, it's dretful!" she sobbed, wringing her hands whenever she could spare them from balancing herself. "Oh, poor Mis' Hayden! Poor Mis' Hayden!"

If the boat drifted on as it was tossing now from swell to swell, it would strike the reef and break in pieces there, and all would go down in deep water. If they could only get a rope to them, then the boat could be coaxed and drawn gently round in the opposite direction, following the rope to the safe and sandy beach.

Susan was by this time down and out on the far point of the ledge, behind Andy. "Here, Andy, you fire it!" she cried, giving him the clothes-line on its reel. "You can fire better'n me. See—I've got this end. Ef they ketch it they'll know enough, mebbe, ter hitch it ter the starn, an' we'll pull it in tergether."

Andy took the reel and its clothes-line; he lifted his long thin arm and whirled the reel round and round in the air, gathering impetus, and then with all his strength sent it spinning through the air, tumbling headlong himself on the rocks, but picking himself up to watch the fate of the line, which fell in the water just beyond the boat. Sam Ketchum sprang to catch it, but only

lost his balance and dropped his other oar in the effort. But Mis' Hayden flung herself forward and grabbed it just as the boat was slipping away on the next swell, and held it tightly till she could fasten it to the stern.

"Now pull in!" cried Susan to Andy, as she held the other end. "Pull for all you're worth! Jes' git 'em roun' the point o' the ledge an' they'll be in safe water!" And then Huld reached them and added her little mite to the pulling.

It was of hardly any use. The boy in the boat, his teeth chattering with cold and terror, and with the mercilessness of Mis' Hayden's oburgation, was powerless to guide the boat, and it kept on its dangerous way.

"I guess I'll hev ter resk it!" cried Andy. And in another minute he had kicked off his shoes and thrown off his jacket, and had plunged into the icy cove and was swimming out to the boat as well as he could in the rough water, followed by cries from Susan that were like the cries of a flock of angry birds.

And then Susan crouched between the rocks and covered her face with her hands. "He'll be drowned!" she sobbed. "He'll be drowned! He's all I've got! An' she ain't wuth it!"

"He's got there, Susan!" cried Huld. "He's caught the boat. He's got the rope round his arm. He's swimming hard—that big wave helped—it lifted him on. I—I guess he's found bottom and is wading. He is! Oh, Susan, make haste—we'll run round—help pull!—help pull!" And she staggered on, with her little useless weight on the rope, till Susan sprang up to pull. And then at last, guided by Andy and pulled by Susan and tossed by the swell, the boat slid



"ANDY TOOK THE REEL AND ITS CLOTHES-LINE."

up the bit of sand and the boy scrambled out more dead than alive, and Mis' Hayden waited a moment to recover her dignity, and then stepped out tottering and faint.

It was some minutes before she could go on. "Wa al," she said then, "I never come home from meetin' that way afore, an' I guess I never shell ag'in."

A Nation's Thanks.

FOR good that was and is to be,
Oh, Lord, we give our thanks to Thee.
We thank Thee for the thousand ways
Thy mercy guards our present days.

GREAT God of plenty's waving fields,
For garnered bins and gracious yields,
For purpling vine and laden tree,
We sing our harvest song to Thee.

GREAT God of war, while other shores
Have echoed to the cannon's roars,
And rivers reddened to their seas,
We thank Thee, Lord, for smiling peace.

WE praise Thee for the providence
That robbed the taleful pestilence
Of victories that it might have won
And horrors that it could have known.

WE thank Thee for a prouder seat
Where nations shall in future meet;
A wider field, a fairer fame,
That gilds the Anglo-Saxon name.

BUT most of all Thy name we bless
For stern rebukes to selfishness;
For splendid victories over greed
That fattens on a brother's need;

FOR curbs upon oppressors laid,
And lashes for the trust betrayed;
Devotion to the common good
And quickened sense of brotherhood;

FOR flaming up of olden fires;
A finer faith in pure desires;
A nation's vast awakenings;
A bugle-call to better things.

ALLISON YEWELL.

Andy Sloper, you're as wet as a drowned rat! You run right up as quick as you can fetch it, an' git your thin's off an' rub yourself 'ith the crash towel in my bedroom off'n the kitching, an' git right in 'tween the blankets, an' you shell hev some hot flat-irons to your feet soon's they're het, an' a warm drink, an' ef you've ketched your death o' cold it sha'n't be my fault!"

"Oh, Mis' Hayden," cried Huld, running and clasping her hands about Mis' Hayden's arm; "I do love you! I do!"

"You'd orter," said Mis' Hayden.

You should have looked into the pleasant kitchen an hour or two afterward. The table was laid with a white cloth and the best dishes; and the turkey, perhaps a trifle too brown and crisp, the cranberry sauce, the celery, the apples, made it a picture. The mince pies were sizzling on the oven grate and Mis' Hayden had laid a bunch of raisins at every plate. Andy, in bed in the adjoining bedroom, clothed in some vast garment of Mis' Hayden's, was leaning on one elbow and picking a luscious wing from his loaded plate, and all the others, even Mis' Hayden, were laughing; and no one noticed the stage driving round till the door opened and Aunt Rosy and Uncle John stood among them.

"Oh, it's Thanksgiving now! It's Thanksgiving now!" cried Huld, rushing at her dear people, and feeling then that nothing in the world had ever been so delightful as the sweet chill of their garments while they folded her in their arms.

Mis' Hayden put the last dish on the shelf, and shook down the ashes, and lighted the kerosene lamp,

night having fallen, as Andy, who had been up for some time, looking as if he had lost himself in Mr. Morse's clothes, his own not yet dry, came in with Mr. Morse from the outdoor chores. "Wa-al," she said, wiping her hands on the roller and polishing them off on her apron, "I guess I'll be toddling over to my place before the storm gits any worse. It's goin' ter be a reg'lar three days' north-easter. I'll come back for the rest o' my thin's w'en't clears up. My cats is needin' me, and Sophrony wants ter git away. She sez the hens ain't layin'. The idee! I'll make 'em lay! An' as long as you're goin' ter keep Susan an' Andy Sloper, there won't be nothin' fer me ter do. I'm glad they've got sech a home. I hope they'll be grateful. But poor folks ain't allus. I'll step over onst in a while and wind 'em up. I'm obleeged ter 'em for w'at they done about the boat, though I guess it would have come on all right 'ithout 'em, any way. I've gotter set down an' think thin's over. I ain't by no means sure 'twarn't a meracylous interposition that fetched me safe—for sunthin'. I'll find out w'at! On'y I sha'n't

ever come home from meetin' that way ag'in. Sam Ketchum ain't a mite o' sense in his head—losin' his oars in as good as smooth water! Wa-al, it's be'n considerable of a Thanksgivin' Day. You'll find the nuts to crack in the corner o' the lower buttery shelf. I hope nobody's dinner won't disagree 'ith 'em."

And she was gone, taking poor Sam Ketchum with her. And Susan and Andy were sitting side by side and hand in hand, in an unspeakable joyfulness, content with the delight of their castle in Spain become real; and Huld on Aunt Rosy's knee, with one arm round Aunt Rosy's neck and another round Uncle John's, suddenly slipped to the floor and to her knees, and said a little prayer of thanksgiving for her Thanksgiving Day.

British Army on a Peace Footing.

THE FACT that the nations of Europe have been, and are, watching each other with jealous eyes through great political changes and agitations has not prevented England from reducing her army to a peace footing. At present the permanent army forces of the whole British empire, except 75,000 troops in India, number only 221,300 men. Before the end of March, 1906, this number will have been still further reduced by 15,000 men. At the end of 1899-1900 there were 339,800 troops under arms in South Africa; in 1900-1901 there were 430,000; in 1901-1902, 450,000, including 230,000 specially raised for the war, and in 1902-1903, 420,000 men. At present the permanent garrison in South Africa numbers only 21,500 men. The reduction now being made in the strength of the enlisted forces will result in some economy in the cost of the service.

Skin Purification.

EFFECTED BY CUTICURA OINTMENT AND PILLS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.

THE agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scald-head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk-crust, tetter and salt-rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven by the testimony of the civilized world.



A "SETTING" OF TURKEY EGGS ALL READY FOR A MOTHER'S CARE.



LOOKING OUT ON LIFE FROM A SAFE PERCH.



TURKEY YOUNGSTERS GETTING THEIR FIRST MEAL.



A YOUNG TURKEY WHICH APPRECIATES FULLY THE JOY OF LIVING.



FATTENING UP FOR THANKSGIVING. LIFE IS UNCERTAIN, BUT THE TURKEY DOESN'T REALIZE IT.



A GARNISHED THANKSGIVING DISH, FIT FOR A KING



FINALLY, THE TURKEY MAKES A DAY OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE MANX CAT.

SEVEN STAGES IN THE CAREER OF A THANKSGIVING TURKEY.
UNIQUE AND CLEVER PICTURES WHICH PORTRAY THE COURSE OF OUR NATIONAL BIRD FROM ITS BEGINNING TO ITS END.
Photographs by H. B. Fullerton.



THE HOME AND THE HOUSEHOLD



The Heavy Burdens of Society.

THE PAPERS tell us that an American lady, who some years ago married a distinguished foreigner, will soon revisit the land of her birth. "But," adds the reporter, with *naïveté*, "the trip is intended for a vacation, and the X's will not be seen much in society."

In the primitive days the idea of social pleasure was restful and most agreeable. It meant a pause in the universal hard work. It occurred not often, and it was brief. But we have altered all that. Now we have in every large town a more or less numerous class of idle women. They sometimes assume the onerous burden of caring for a pet dog or cat, but they have servants to do their housework and nurses to look after their children. These idle women must have something to beguile the time, and thus has gradually arisen the elaborate scheme which we call "society." Instead of being what it was in the olden days, it has become a regular commercial institution, with demand and supply, with debit and credit, with variety, competition, and "corners," just like any other business.

It has been the custom to call these women "butterflies"—but it is a misnomer. No busy bee was ever harder worked than these lady-lilies, though they toil not, neither do they spin, in the received way. They complain bitterly of the failings of their servants. But they must have many men and maids to wait upon them in order to properly conduct their share of the great business. They enjoy it all, no doubt. The weary task of selecting and "trying on" clothes is, as a rule, mere sport to them. If it becomes too burdensome they devise models of themselves, which somewhat relieves them. Some of them intrust the whole care of choosing and making their clothes to a clever hireling, and never see their gowns until they are entirely finished. They find exhilarating the labor of driving from one reception to another, laced, befeathered, and begemmed. The long and heavy dinners which they feel bound to attend may be given by hostesses who merit the naughty but picturesque name "Mrs. Dullerndeath"—but they are a necessary part of the "pleasure." These martyr women spend two hours under the hands of a maid in preparing for the opera, and sit through the long acts of profound musical compositions which they often fail to comprehend—and all without a complaint. There is really considerable heroism in all this. Such mighty labors are worthy of a better cause. It is really a matter for regret that the energies of these women are not employed for the betterment of their fellow-beings.

But it is not the custom for men in America to live without daily work of some sort in office or shop. The enormous majority of our men of property and culture are toiling hard every day at some useful calling, and not one in ten among them is able to stand in addition the "pace" of society. Our prominent professional men and bankers and merchants feel it necessary to attend many of the public dinners of corporations and societies. When private engagements begin to multiply, the wife and daughters are told that they must take the carriage and go alone. Many prophets have therefore declared that the society of the future will be managed exclusively by women, and that attendance at its functions will be limited to members of the tender sex.

The difficulty of securing the most desirable of our men for private dinners is a puzzle to many of our most brilliant hostesses, who are even now setting "dates" for late winter and spring entertainments in order to group together the guests whom they want. The strength of these hard-pressed men is simply unequal to the stern demands of society, for which, even more than for religion, one needs "a mind at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." In fact, with such aversion do many, perhaps most, of our "solid" men regard the whole idea of society that one is reminded of Bulwer's wicked dream of hell, where "one-half of the people were compelled to give parties and the other half to go to them."

For the rapidly increasing class of educated and wealthy women society is also becoming a too-heavy burden. They, too, are finding that the true place of the arts of sport and visiting is that of a diversion and a resource outside of some regular and absorbing form of useful work. Thus the day seems to be approaching when right standards will prevail on this important question. They are not here yet, however. Judging from the silly reports in the daily journals, the rapid and exhausting succession of dinners, sports, and entertainments planned for the present "season" promises to be as long and arduous as ever. It is no wonder that our distinguished visitors feel that in order to have a "vacation" they must keep away from society.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

Thanksgiving in the Slums.

FOR THE real good it does in homes where most needed, no organization is quite so effective as the Salvation Army. The army's system is not the too-frequent one which masks a frigid indifference under the name of charity; it is, rather, the charity which



AN EARNEST SALVATION ARMY WORKER FROM SLUM CORPS NO. 1, MAKING OUT A LIST FOR THANKSGIVING BASKETS.

does not call itself charity at all, but just—helping. Stern-hearted men who refuse the usual petition invariably put their hands in their pockets for the non-sectarian army which aims only to relieve distress. Thanksgiving would be a sorry day for many a family were it not for some sweet-faced minister in blue uniform, who climbs rickety stairs and traverses dark halls in search of those whose pride will not permit them to ask aid. Many a "human-interest" story of real life is at the finger-tips of Staff-Captain Johnson in charge of Slum Corps No. 1, embracing the notorious district of Cherry, Oliver, Oak, Madison, Roosevelt, James Slip, Catherine, and several other streets in New York, many of whose dwellers have figured conspicuously in the courts. Captain Johnson and her four assistants have achieved wonderful results in this district, which by many is considered unsafe for a woman to even walk alone in, to say nothing of investigating life in the rambling tenements. At eleven o'clock each morning the earnest workers who live at the army branch, in the very heart of the district, start out to do house-to-house visiting. So well and favorably are they known and so faithfully have they performed their missions that they are made welcome by all creeds and denominations. Day after day they climb stairs, taking what they have to those in need, scattering sympathy everywhere and furnishing work when it is possible. The true sentiment of Thanksgiving is appreciated by all the members of Slum Corps No. 1, when on that day baskets filled with substantial (and some dainties as well) are sent out to brighten cheerless homes.

Glimpses of Life in Noted Cities.

SERVED IN one of the new and very elaborate hotels in Philadelphia, and a specialty of the place, is a combination of equal parts of clam and chicken broth, brought to table piping hot with a spoonful of whipped cream floating on top.

This is what a Philadelphia man said of feminine Philadelphia, suggested by a remark from the writer that the Quaker City could boast many pretty women: "Yes; they are pretty enough and they dress well, but have you ever noticed that at a society gathering, no matter how representative, the Philadelphia woman never has her hair dressed in accordance with her gown? The up-to-date Parisian and the New Yorker regard their hair-dresser as an essential and the coiffure as the most important part of their dress. The Philadelphia woman seemingly considers it the least important, and many a time I have seen the effect of a handsome gown on a beautiful woman marred, or entirely lost, by the tousled appearance of her hair."

Without knowing anything of the above or anything of the man who expressed himself, and out of a clear sky, this is what a Philadelphia woman volunteered in regard to Philadelphia men: "I have heard time and again that New York men are handsome, even dashing handsome, and distinguished away above the men of any other city in America. Now, as a matter of fact, the New York man at his very best cannot

hold a candle to the average Philadelphia man. Not only have our men a particularly distinguished and altogether aristocratic appearance, but, also, they act the part in a way which stamps them to the manner born. And they know how to dress without overdressing. I could pick a Philadelphia man out of a group of fifty New Yorkers."

I will venture to say that the following is not characteristic of all feminine Philadelphia, but it is the sentiment of one of her fairest daughters. She looks something like Maxine Elliot, recognizes the fact, and "elocutes" in an affected, stagy manner from the time she says "Good-morning" until she echoes "Good-night." She was relating an experience on the great East Side of New York, where "she just dotes on slum work." The young lady said:

"I used to visit the settlement schools where those poor little tots of girls learn to cook and sew, and in fact a great many useful things which I am afraid I cannot do with credit to myself. I did enjoy those visits so much, but I had to stop going, for there is so much pathos always thrusting itself upon one's attention that it actually changes one's expression after a time. I remember one day a little Italian girl with g-r-e-a-t, big, brown eyes looked at me so wistfully, and asked, in a timid little way, 'Miss G—, mayn't I walk a piece with you?' 'Oh, no, dear; I am going to take the elevated.' 'Well, mayn't I come jes' a little way with you?' 'Just a little way, Miss Persistency.' Then when we reached the station, what do you think that child wanted?" and here the

fair Philadelphian laughed a merry, rippling little laugh. "She said, 'Miss G—, won't you kiss me?' and you know I just couldn't hurt that child's feelings, so I told her that I had a cold, and if I kissed her she might catch it; but it was really pitiful to see the disappointed look on the little face. I imagine that some of the children yearn for affection more than they do for food and clothes."

"But—wasn't she clean?" I asked, wondering, not quite catching the drift of her story. "Oh, mercy, yes, she was clean enough; you know they all have to be washed at the school." "Then, why didn't you kiss her?" With another rippling laugh which seemed a trifle less musical, the answer came: "Oh, you are so droll."

But human nature varies. On a train speeding toward Washington a man spoke courteously and in a low voice, although he used a vernacular and accent which distinguished him as a child of the people: "Pardon me, miss—your waist is coming undone at the back, and I'm sure you'd like to know—just pull your jacket over a little, and it'll be all right," and he passed on with never another word or look—a diamond in the rough. In Washington I saw a conductor on the street-car get off to help an elderly woman out. He lifted her grandchild off the steps and, returning to the car, brought a large basket filled with vegetables which he carried as far as the curb. He had never seen the woman before—she was only a passenger, and he was a representative Washington conductor. There could be nothing more out of place than a "step-lively" conductor in the capital city.

On the menu in a Washington hotel I noticed "a peck of steamed oysters—thirty-five cents." Calling the waiter, I queried, "Can any one person eat a peck of oysters at one time?" He eyed me suspiciously for a second, then, evidently concluding that I was sane but ignorant, he replied, "Oysters is very little, miss, and when they is steamed a peck ain't much of a meal. Sometimes we takes an order for a half-bushel or a bushel for a party of three or four. No, miss; it ain't anything new—we've always served 'em by the peck and bushel here in Washington." Imagine the face of a New York waiter should a patron forget the city and order half a bushel of steamed oysters.

The first thing that one will notice in Washington is the prevalence of small cafés. Every square in the business district averages at least three, and they are

Continued on page 505

Cures Indigestion.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

NATURE'S remedy for obstinate indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, headache, and depression.

The Nursery's Friend

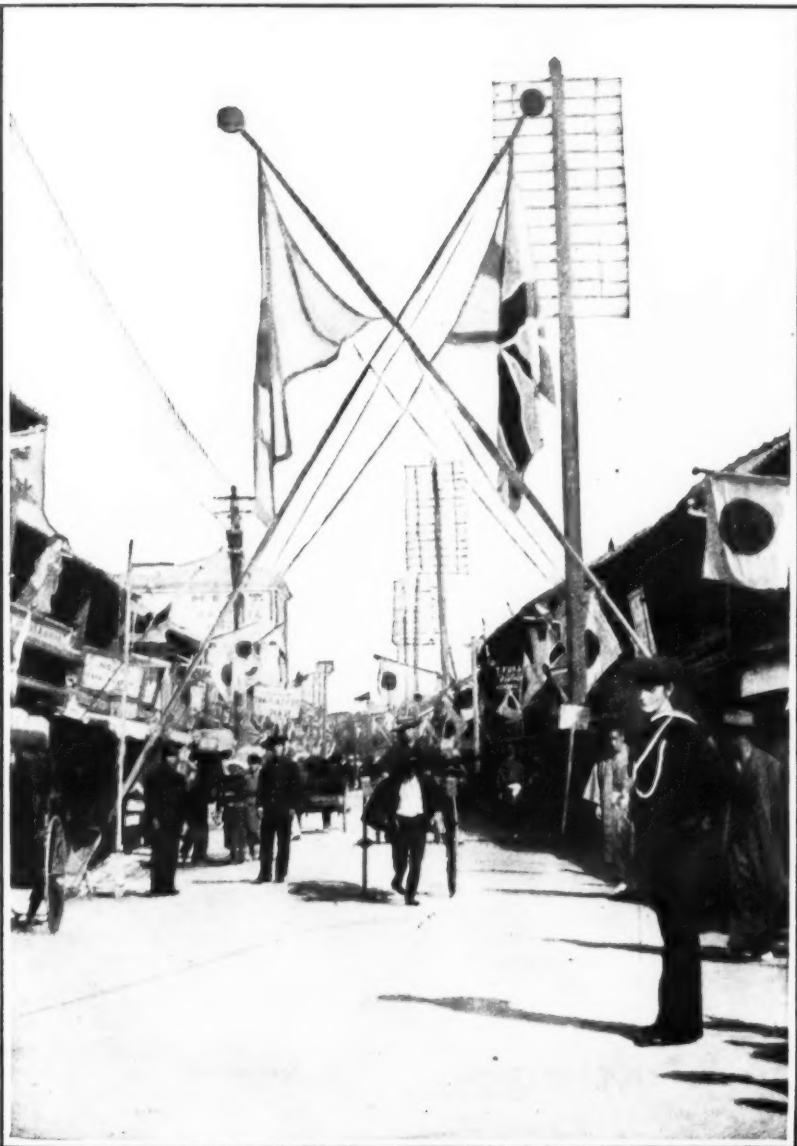
is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Scientifically prepared as an infant food, it is the nearest approach to Mother's Milk. Send for Baby's Diary, a valuable booklet for Mothers, 108 Hudson Street, New York.



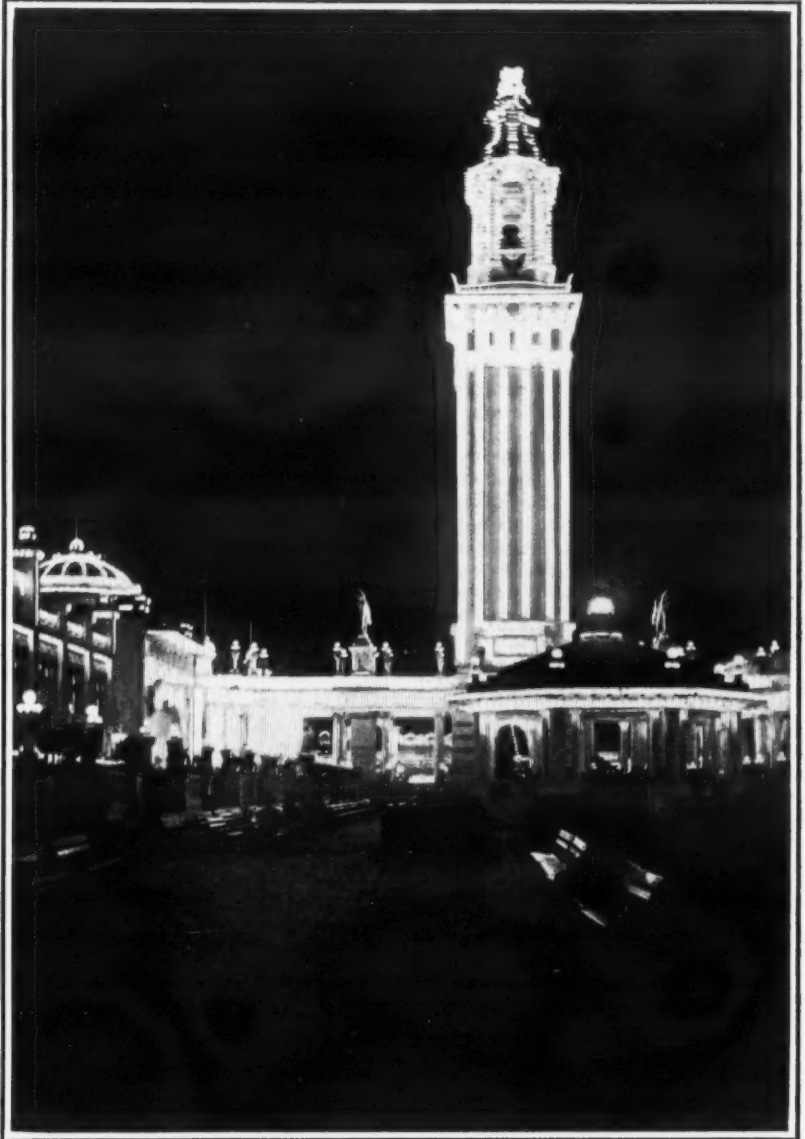
(SECOND PRIZE.) TYPICAL NEWS-STAND IN A PARIS STREET.
W. A. Rowley, Illinois.



ON THE
"TEETERING"
BOARD.
GREAT FUN
OUT ON THE
PRAIRIE.
Henry F. Kieser,
Nebraska.



(PRIZE-WINNER.)
STREET DECORA-
TIONS AT KOBE,
JAPAN, IN HONOR
OF THE VISIT
OF ADMIRAL
NOEL AND OTHER
BRITISH NAVAL
OFFICERS.
R. D. Jones, United
States Navy.



(THIRD PRIZE.) NIGHTLY SPLENDOR OF "TOWER AND MUSICLAND" AT CHICAGO'S POPULAR
AMUSEMENT PLACE, THE "WHITE CITY."—Jens Hvass, Illinois.



DAILY STREET SCENE IN GOLDFIELD, NEVADA'S NEW AND BUSY MINING TOWN.
L. C. Branson, Nevada.



BRONZE LION AND LADY AT ENTRANCE OF CORCORAN ART GALLERY,
WASHINGTON.—Florence E. Pierson, Maryland.

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—UNITED STATES NAVY WINS THE FIRST PRIZE.
THE SECOND PRIZE GOES TO ILLINOIS, AND THE THIRD TO ILLINOIS.



AMAZING RICHNESS OF UTAH'S COPPER DEPOSITS

By ERNEST C. ROWE



PERHAPS FEW persons ever give thought to the mining of copper ores and the production and marketing of the refined metal; nor do they give heed to the far-reaching influence this metal exerts upon the world's progress in commerce and applied science. Yet, were every mine in the world to suddenly "pinch out" and no more copper could be gotten at any price, panic would undoubtedly seize many and varied industrial enterprises now profitably employing enormous capital and giving work to hundreds of thousands of skilled workers.

For centuries copper found its greatest usefulness in the making of domestic utensils and in the arts; but the twentieth century inventions of Edison and other electrical thinkers have opened markets for copper quite as wide as the possibilities of production; and quite within reason is the belief of many that the enormous increase in the demands for copper presages a corresponding and permanent increase in prices for copper already profitably high. However, the somewhat recent and very startling discoveries in Bingham Canyon, Utah, are significant. For many years the State of Utah mined gold, silver, and lead, and has been a steady contributor to our national wealth; but the production of copper has been largely in conjunction with the other metals, and, as a purely copper State, Utah has never been considered a possibility. The recent successful explorations in an illimitable copper store-house in Utah, where low-grade ores can be mined and reduced at a minimum of cost, is timely. Montana's bonanzas are producing copper at rapidly increasing cost, owing to the great depth from which ore must be hoisted, and the frightful cost of operation in mines already boring on the second mile from the earth's surface is a factor in the making of prices for American copper.

In round numbers the world produced in 1904 a billion and a quarter pounds of refined copper, enriching itself two hundred million dollars thereby. Staggering figures, indeed, when one reflects that in the beginning of the nineteenth century but five thousand tons of copper came from the earth each year!

Copper in its final or applied state adds to the world's wealth half a billion dollars each year. In 1903 fifty-four per cent. of the world's copper was produced from American mines, and forty per cent. of this came from Montana. Thus Montana produced in 1903 approximately one-quarter of all the world's output for that year. The world's five largest copper mines yielded in 1904 four hundred million pounds of copper. Four of these mines are within the United States. Our home copper mines have enriched the lucky owners two hundred and ninety-one million dollars, and last year the stockholders received checks aggregating thirty million dollars. This is surely alchemy—a practical turning of copper into gold. The good old Boston and Montana (whose stock once went begging) distributed \$10,220,000 last year to the lucky share-

holders. And so it goes. Figures mean but little except perhaps to the fellows that own the mines.

But what I want to emphasize, and what I went out to Utah to investigate, is that within this State is a mine, or several mines, so rich in copper that within a decade Utah will outclass Montana and Michigan in copper output, and, barring some sensational discovery within the boundaries of some other commonwealth, the State will lead in copper production long after every reader of this paper will have passed to the beyond. This is not the prediction of a novice, nor of any one man; it is a prediction of authorities who deal with measures as accurate as the grocer's scales. To back up my statement I refer to Stevens's Hand-Book on Copper (1905) and the author's reference to the Utah Copper Company in Bingham Canyon.

A *résumé* of the historic side of copper; of the wonderful art possessed by the American mound-builders of tempering copper; of the utensils and weapons, all of good finish and workmanship, found in their prehistoric caves; of the first American smelter, which was put up and successfully operated at Tanistion, Me., in 1836—it's all interesting but out of place in this article.

Utah was once, so legend says, almost entirely under the waters of a prehistoric sea, called Lake

Bonneville. Its broad valleys measure the depth of this forgotten sea, and the high mountains lying in broken ranges west of the main spur of the Wasatch were islands on its surface. Bingham Canyon breaks through the Oquirrh range, which in that early day was one of the principal islands in Lake Bonneville.

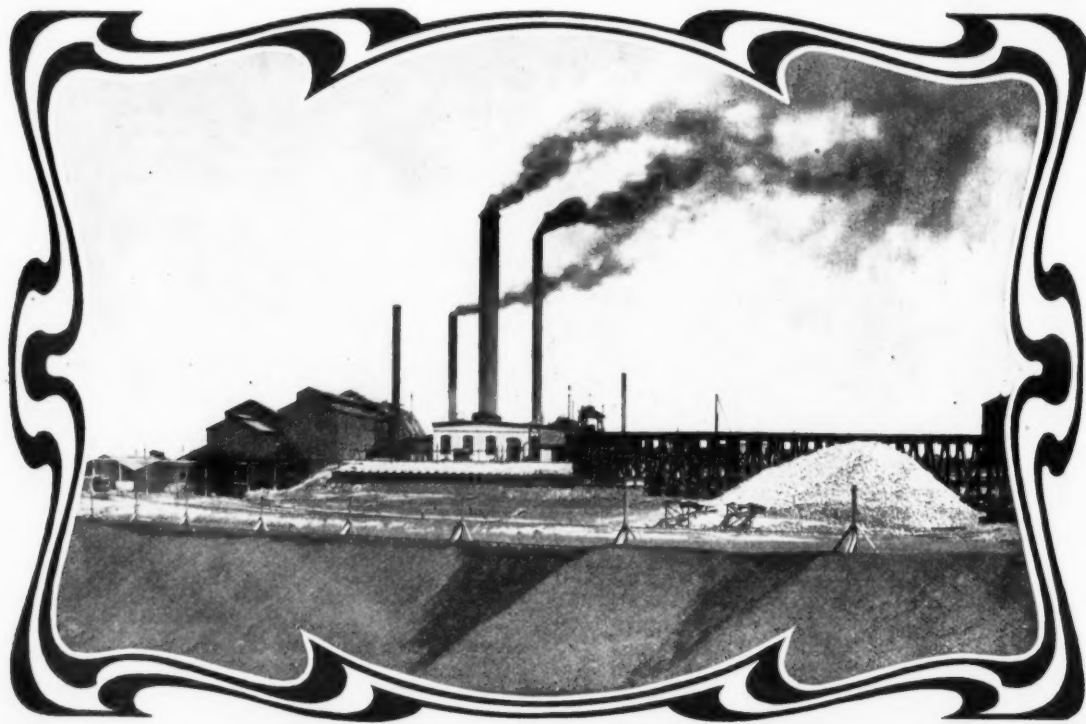
When the romance of American mining shall be written, along with Aspen and its famous Emma, Leadville and its Little Pittsburg, Stockton and its Mona, will be told the story of Bingham Canyon and its Old Jordan and Galena.

In 1863 Utah's luminous mining history began with the discovery of the Old Jordan and Galena at Bingham. The news of the discovery of this lode brought into Utah the following year, from the mineral regions on the west, the first man to really begin the opening of Utah's treasure vault. From that day to this Bingham has been a significant factor in Utah mining. The camp has had epochs of gold, silver, lead, and copper, in the order stated. The first profits were taken from a gold placer in the bed of the canyon. There followed a period of silver mining; then lead with silver and gold values made up the output, and now copper commands all attention.

The search for gold led to the finding of silver, and



SHAWMUT MILL (X), NEAR CARR FORK, BINGHAM CANYON, UTAH.



UNITED SMELTERS AT BINGHAM JUNCTION, IN THE HEART OF UTAH'S GREAT COPPER REGION.—Shipler.

that in turn to the finding of lead at lower levels, and the lead when followed downward opened into the enormous bodies of copper which are now being mined and milled by some of the great copper combinations of the United States. It is ever thus in life—you search for one thing, but are given a different and oftentimes better thing.

In the days of Bingham's gold, silver, and lead mining, the names of Old Jordan and Galena, Telegraph, Winnamucca, Dalton and Lark, Niagara, and others descriptive of leading producers, were common in the camps, but these names are but memories now—now that copper has become king of Bingham, and the properties these names describe are included in great groups under such names as United States, Bingham Consolidated, Boston Consolidated, Shawmut Consolidated, Utah Consolidated, Utah Copper, and a host of others less famous.

It is a curious fact that the greatness of a mining camp is never fully achieved in the early days of its history. Aspen, which gave birth to the Emma mine, a mine that attracted notice of two continents, went into decay and then into abandonment. Twenty-five years later the old workings were explored and new ore bodies discovered, new treatment methods applied, and another Aspen is now arising on the ruins of the old mine.

So it was with Leadville, the Oro City, that commanded its site in the 'fifties having been a ruin for thirty years when Leadville sprung into life. To-day Silver Nevada is entering her golden era, and her almost

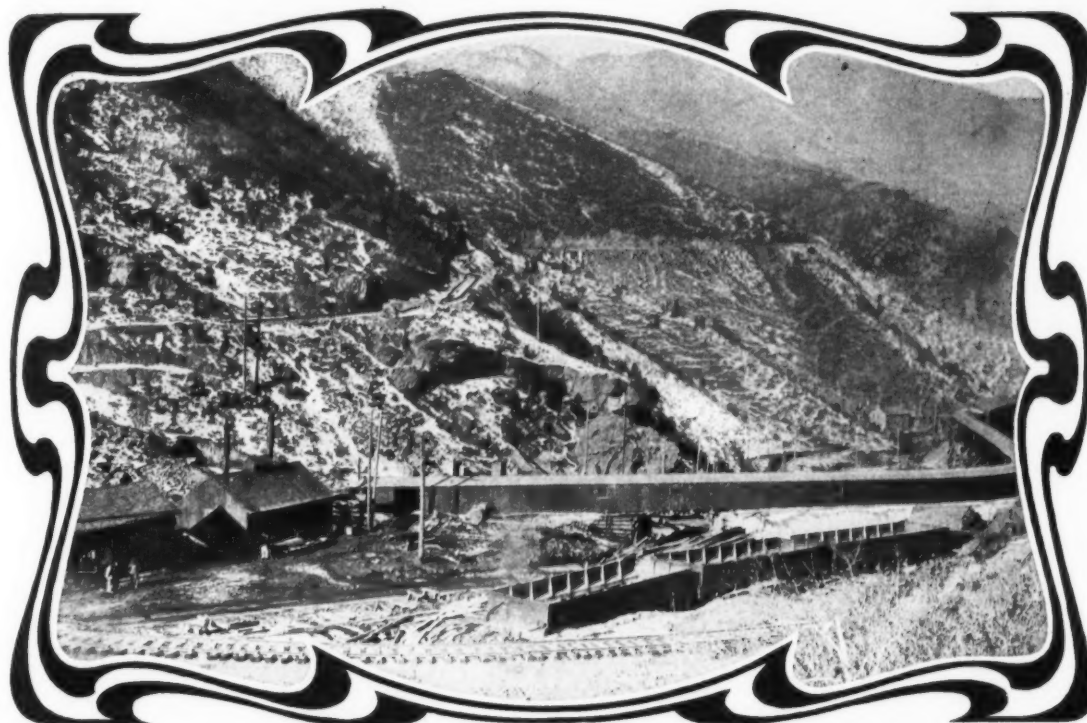
forgotten mining camps are springing into new life. Up to 1898 copper was almost wholly unconsidered in Bingham mining. True, it was found in small quantities in association with lead and silver, but in quantities too unimportant to make it worthy of more than passing attention. The camp then predicated its claim to greatness upon its past tremendous output of lead and silver. The Old Jordan and Galena was pointed to as a mine that had produced eighteen million dollars, and never the stroke of a pick deeper than sixty feet below the surface. It was in 1898 or thereabouts that copper mining in Bingham Canyon began. Up to that time Utah's entire output of copper was but \$6,275,290.61. Three years later this total had reached \$13,589,562.61; so Utah produced more copper by \$1,038,981.39 during this three-year period than she did during all of the preceding years of her mining history. Practically all this increase came from Bingham.

Among the great mining men of America, Samuel Newhouse has a high place. To him more than to any other is ascribed the credit of the discovery that underlying the great silver, lead, and gold bodies of Bingham is a zone of copper so enormous that even after five years of ceaseless developments figures are not found to measure the value of its contents.

It is an interesting story, the discovery of this copper zone. Mr. Newhouse visited Bingham to examine the Highland Boy, a promising gold property, to the treatment of the ores of which he expected to apply the cyanide process. Convinced of the value of the gold quantities in sight, he purchased the mine, and



BINGHAM CANYON, UTAH, AND THE TOWN OF BINGHAM.
Shipley.



UTAH COPPER COMPANY'S MINE AND ELECTRIC TRAM AT BINGHAM.—Shipley.

while erecting his cyanide mill proceeded to develop for further ore resources. The development led to a formation which, up to that time, whenever encountered, had been by all mining men regarded as the end of exploration. This formation "looked good" to Mr. Newhouse and he went downward through it, and, lo! the copper zone appeared, and the Highland Boy sprang from a few hundreds of thousands of dollars in value to several millions. Thus was Bingham born anew, and thus began, but a little more than five years ago, the march of Utah as a copper producer—a march that will continue long after she has taken the place of Montana as the first copper-yielding State in the Union. With the object-lesson before them of the Highland Boy, the mining men of Bingham made no delay in going down after the copper zone, and as a result Utah's copper product for 1899 was 9,986,000 pounds; for 1900 it was 18,354,726 pounds; for 1901 it was 27,274,520 pounds; for 1902 it was 26,373,780 pounds; for 1903 it was 37,000,000 pounds; for 1904 it was 57,000,000 pounds, and for 1905 it is estimated the product will be 100,000,000 pounds.

And yet copper mining has but barely commenced, and the great properties of Bingham are only well under way. It would be tiresome to wade through the details of the developments and output of particular properties; but no story of Bingham would be complete without mention of the Utah Copper Company's mines, which came into productive life during 1904, and which have already taken rank among the greatest, if indeed they are not the greatest, copper mines extant. Stevens's Hand-book on Copper accords the superlative measure to the "Utah" properties. One of the principal stockholders of this company, Colonel E. B. Wall, of Salt Lake, a practical miner, expert in ores, and mining engineer, known from British Columbia to Mexico, in a recent conversation with a New York capitalist said: "We have now developed in the Utah Copper Company property an area about 2,500 feet wide by 3,000 feet long, to a depth of 500 feet, and we are everywhere in ore; in fact, there is nothing but ore within this area. I think a conservative statement of the ore blocked out will place the amount ready for extraction at two

hundred and fifty million tons. This gentleman is no visionary enthusiast, but an elderly man of calm judgment who has nothing to sell—a man who knows.

Since then deeper and wider developments of this enormous ore body have demonstrated that over and beyond the estimate made above there are ore bodies enough in the mine to keep its owners for generations to come busy with extraction.

Geologically the Utah Copper Company's mines are most interesting. Their surface comprehends the principal portion of a great porphyry dike which, by some convulsion of nature, seems to have been profoundly crushed and later enriched with copper carried in a solution by upward-flowing thermal waters. The property spans a gorge called Bingham Canyon, and reaches to the summit of the mountain ridges on either side and adjoining the vast property shortly to be opened up anew for copper. They have been exploited by numerous tunnels driven into the mountain sides on either flank of the gulch and by a main tunnel running obliquely across the others, the total workings now aggregating over twelve miles.

During the writer's recent visit to Bingham he explored this mine until, footsore and played out, he was forced to return to the surface without going over but a fraction of the workings. The work disclosed most uniform mineralization, the average copper contents being two and two-tenths per cent., or forty pounds of copper per ton of rock, and in addition thereto values in gold and silver. The copper occurs in "bornite," "glance," and "chalcopryite," in very small grains, replacing the original brotite of porphyry occupying small cells in the rock and not combined or "frozen" to it. The porphyry being exceedingly light, soft, and pliable renders reduction of the ore by ordinary methods of crushing and concentration exceedingly simple. The workings so far show a recovery of about ninety per cent. of the contents, including gold and silver, and the new mammoth mill, with a capacity of 6,000 tons per day, now being erected, will be equipped to secure a much greater percentage. As an illustration of fortune-making in mining it may be stated in pass-

ing that less than eighteen months ago the stock of this company could be purchased at about four dollars a share (and this paper advised its purchase); now it would be a genius, indeed, who could get a thousand of the 450,000 shares for \$30.00 a share. One of the owners of the mine, with 90,000 shares entered on his name, has seen his fortune climb upward nearly three million dollars within eighteen months.

Where goes this copper zone from Bingham no one knows. The royal centre represented by the Utah Copper, Boston Consolidated (Highland Boy), United States, Shawmut Consolidated, Bingham Gold and Copper, and other great properties, is fringed around by numerous other mines that are in this zone, and which, as fast as the hammer and blast permit, will join the list of monarchs.

The area of explorations is widening every day, and as it widens new mines come into existence and new fortunes are being made. What Bingham will do in the next five years no one can prophesy beyond the general prediction, in which all who know the camp concur, that it will surpass Butte in copper production. Montana now produces about forty per cent. of the copper mined in the United States, and when Utah shall do that a splendid mining dream will be realized.

The copper production here discussed is credited generally to Utah. The fact ought to be stated that the principal portion of the production comes from Y-shaped Bingham Canyon.

Intelligent exploration, the wise expenditure of money, careful attention to the study of mineralization of the district as exhibited in the development already made, and as written on the face of nature, ought to guarantee vast profits to the investor, even at the very high prices stocks are now marked. As a Salt Lake millionaire remarked to the writer: "You cannot invest wrong in the Bingham Canyon. Every property has made good; we've never had any wildcat promotion here, and every Bingham stock is now selling at from three to ten times the price it was first offered to the public." Indeed, so rapidly is any new Bingham stock bought up by quick investors, the general public has but little chance to get in at all at ground-floor prices—or, better said, the public doesn't take the chance when offered, preferring to buy after stocks have advanced a hundred or two hundred per cent. Colonel Greene remarked recently that at one time Greene Consolidated stock sold at \$2.50 a share, and buyers didn't sprint to get in at this price, but these buyers are now recovering 96 per cent. per annum on their investments.

The recent offering of shares in the newest Bingham promotion, the great Shawmut Consolidated, by a Boston house, has been well subscribed. The history of the Shawmut is identical with that of the Highland Boy and the Utah Company's mines, and under the present owners the properties will be rapidly opened up for the great copper-ore bodies proven to underlie its silver-lead zone, which former owners thought the end of exploration.

Consolidated with the Shawmut is the Sedalia mine of Salida, Col., which is now shipping sixty tons of copper ore daily, taken out as incidental to the developing work going on night and day. This mine is pronounced by experts to be as great a copper property as any in Colorado; in fact, the Sedalia is the only exclusive copper property in the State, and undoubtedly worth twice the entire capitalization of the Shawmut Consolidated. F. W. McAleer & Co., of Boston, are offering the Shawmut Consolidated at \$2.50, and after visiting every property of note in Bingham, and talking with men who have become mighty in the affairs of this camp, I without reserve predict that within two years this stock will be cheap at \$15, for there seems no human possibility that the Shawmut Consolidated will not rank up with the great Bingham bonanzas.



HAVING annihilated both time and distance on the earth and on the water, the men of the auto now purpose to navigate the air, and following, as usual, the best foreign practice, have organized themselves into a club to be known as the Aero Club of America. The

founder membership consists of one hundred, from whom no initiation fee is exacted. Seventy-five well-known automobilists have already joined the club, and it is expected that before the new year the entire founder membership roll will be complete. The club now meets in the rooms of the Automobile Club of America, which it will occupy permanently after the Automobile Club removes from there to its new house. The library committee of the new club is very busy collecting a lot of valuable data about aeronautics, and expects to have the finest library on this subject in the world, as it is receiving the hearty co-operation of experts all over the country. Those who wish to join the club should apply to Mr. S. M. Butler, secretary, 753 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MR. DAVE HENNER MORRIS has just been re-elected president of the Automobile Club of America. The active membership of this great club has now reached the limit of 700, and there is a considerable waiting list on file. Over five hundred automobiles are owned by the club members, some of which are the most expensive in this country. The club will occupy its new home, which is being especially constructed for it in West Fifty-fourth Street, New York, early next year.

THE NATIONAL Association of Automobile Manufacturers has decided to limit sanctions for local shows to those cities only in which shows were held last year, and the profits of such shows must go to the local organizations. The association has put itself on record that it does not expect to sanction road contests, but it will take into consideration the details of such contests and make recommendations to its members. As usual, the annual show in the Coliseum at Chicago will be a big one. There are eighty-seven concerns who desire to show 368 cars and who have applied for 224 spaces, aggregating 62,845 feet. Unfortunately, the number of spaces available is only 131, aggregating only a gross total of 39,497 feet.

AUTOMOBILES occupy a favorable position in the list of accidents compiled by the authorities of Paris, there being eight times more accidents due to wagons than to automobiles. Cabs and other horse-drawn vehicles were responsible for 2,704 accidents during the past year; bicycles for 848, automobiles for 324, and omnibuses, vans, and teams for 172. The big cities of this country have not kept an accurate record of causes of accidents, although in 1904, in New York, wagons were responsible for 215 deaths, automobiles for sixteen, bicycles for three, and street cars for 166. Anything happening to an automobile is considered news, and a bigger item is printed on an accident where an automobile figures than when a wagon or a bicycle is involved.

AUTOMOBILE manufacturers are looking forward to a large commercial vehicle business next year. Several small 'bus lines have been installed, and in some cases the effect of the competition created thereby has been so noticeable as to seriously affect the traffic on the suburban and railway lines. The general tendency seems to be to put out cars of the twelve-to-eighteen-passenger variety, and make frequent trips in preference to using cars of a larger capacity making fewer runs.

THE COMMITTEES sitting, in connection with the A. C. de France, to determine the main principles which shall govern the leading automobile events conducted by the A. C. de France next year, are gradually evolving innovations which are likely to prove of considerable interest both to manufacturers and the buying public. For the big touring events the suggestions are that classification shall mainly be by the power of the motor; that in each class the weight of the chassis and of the carriage portion and weight of passengers shall be specified separately, and also that uniform types of bodies shall be com-

THE MAN IN THE AUTO



NOVEL AUTOMOBILE TOUR OF MR. AND MRS. WALTER HALE, OF NEW YORK, WHO DROVE A NORTHERN CAR FROM NAPLES TO HAVRE, CROSSING THE APENNINES FOUR TIMES AND THE ALPS ONCE.



THE VERY LATEST TYPE OF AUTOMOBILE TRUCK—MADE BY THE MAXWELL-BRISCOE MOTOR COMPANY, AND CARRYING A MAXWELL-BRISCOE CAR WITH THE MAKERS OF THE LATTER.—Lazarek.

sory, the following being suggested: Cars, with a speed of thirty kilometres per hour, "spider" body; thirty-five kilometres, double-phaeton body; forty kilometres, touring limousine type; the weight of each passenger to be seventy kilograms, with an allowance of thirty kilograms for baggage. The replacement of tires is to be a matter for very careful observation and record. A further proposition is that each vehicle shall carry an automatic recording instrument, which will permanently record the duration of stoppages of each vehicle, speeds, etc.

WALTER HALE, actor and illustrator, has proved this season that a man of moderate means can take to Europe an American automobile of moderate price and drive it from Naples to Havre, four times over the Apennines and once over the Alps, without serious damage to his purse or the motor. Contrary to accepted ideas, Mr. Hale found the roads in Italy quite as good as those of France, especially the Via Flaminia, which runs from Rome to Rimini along the Adriatic Sea. The experiences of the trip form the background for a forthcoming novel entitled, "A Motor-car Divorce," written by Mrs. Hale, who on the stage is known as Louise Closser. The car used was a Northern, and the distance covered was 2,323 miles, the route being via Rome, Foligno, Gubbio, Pesaro, Bologna, Piacenza, Turin, over the Alps by the Mont Cenis Pass, and to Paris through Chambery, Lyons, and Nevers.

M. HENRY DEUTSCH DE LA MEURTHE, of Paris, has offered a sum of 10,000 francs, to be awarded by the Académie des Sports, of France, for the best automatic starting devices for the motors of automobiles. This money will be divided. The first competition, at which 5,000 francs will be awarded in prizes, is proposed for December, 1905, and the next during the same month in 1906, both to take place while the Paris automobile salon is open. The rules of the competition have, by request, been drawn up by the A. C. de France. The devices must be submitted in working order on a car having a one, two, or four-cylinder motor; but if of the four-cylinder type the motor must be of at least twenty motor-power. It must be capable of being operated from the driver's seat, and must work equally well with the

motor cold or warm. The jury, in making their awards, will take into consideration, among other points, those of weight, size, simplicity, price, cost of up-keep, ease of action, and facility for fitting to existing cars. Drawings must also be submitted, but will not be judged. The prize offer is expected to bring many into the competition. ALEX SCHWALBACH.

Life in Noted Cities.

Continued from page 498

also scattered on all the side streets throughout the city. The majority of them are clean, well-kept places, with good linen and service, and the well-cooked foods in them cost about one-third the price charged in the same type of place in New York. For instance, a half-dozen large oysters served in style, piping hot and very appetizing, accompanied by bread and butter, pickles, cold-slaw, and dripped coffee, with or without cream, costs twenty cents. These places are not ordinary as are the cheap restaurants in other cities. The explanation of their presence in such numbers was given by the editor of one of Washington's large morning papers. "The places are supported largely by government employes. There are thousands of them working in the various government institutions, and with their modest salaries they cannot eat expensive meals; but they are above the average in both education and refinement, and they demand decent eating-places with good service. Food is cheap here, rents are also comparatively low, and in catering to a steady patronage the cafés manage to give good values for the money, and at the same time thrive. The numerous cafés are responsible for the European system prevailing in the majority of large hotels in Washington. Tourists like to eat breakfast in one place, and, as the fancy dictates, to lunch and dine in others. All of the cafés, even the cheaper ones, get their sea-foods fresh twice a day, and many of them have tempting specialties to attract the stranger."

Excepting in the large hotels in Washington, the tip system does not prevail as in New York. A person eating a fifty- or seventy-five-cent order is not haunted by the waiter, and to tip some of them in the smaller places is to surprise them. HARRIET QUIMBY.

Passing of Porridge

MAKES WAY FOR THE BETTER FOOD OF A BETTER DAY.

"PORRIDGE is no longer used for breakfast in my home," writes a loyal Briton from Huntsville, Ont. This was an admission of no small significance to one "brought up" on the time-honored stand-by. "One month ago," she continues, "I bought a package of Grape-Nuts food for my husband, who had been an invalid for over a year. He had passed through a severe attack of pneumonia and la grippe combined, and was left in a very bad condition when they passed away."

"I tried everything for his benefit, but nothing seemed to do him any good. Month followed month, and he still remained as weak as ever. I was almost discouraged about him when I got the Grape-Nuts, but the result has compensated me for my anxiety."

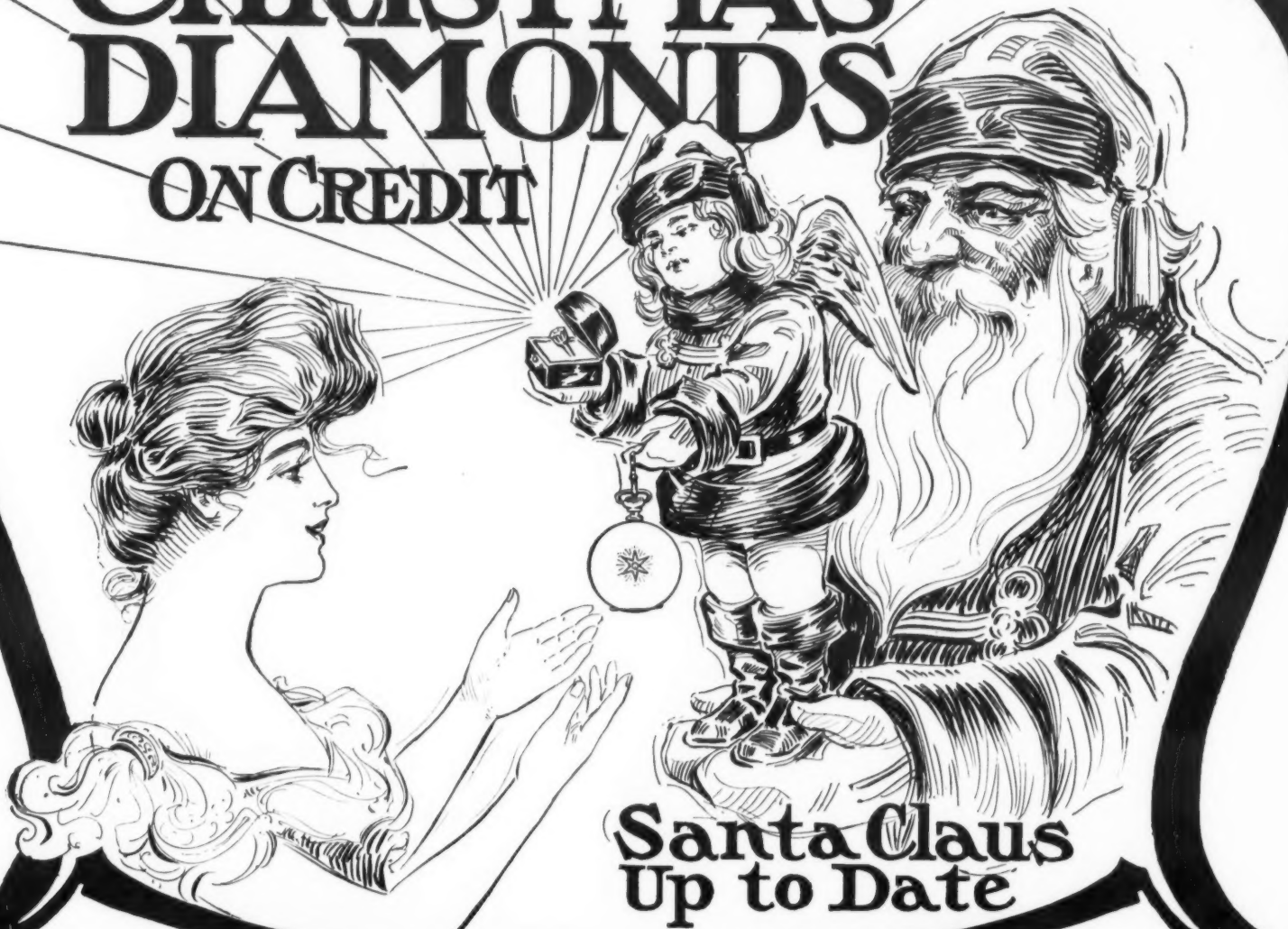
"In the one month that he has eaten Grape-Nuts he has gained 10 pounds in weight, his strength is rapidly returning to him, and he feels like a new man. Now we all eat Grape-Nuts food, and are the better for it. Our little 5-year-old boy, who used to suffer from pains in the stomach after eating the old-fashioned porridge, has no more trouble since he began to use Grape-Nuts, and I have no more doctor's bills to pay for him."

"We use Grape-Nuts with only sweet cream, and find it the most tasty dish in our bill of fare."

"Last Monday I ate 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, nothing else, then set to work and got my morning's work done by 9 o'clock, and felt less tired, much stronger, than if I had made my breakfast on meat, potatoes, etc., as I used to. I wouldn't be without Grape-Nuts in the house for any money." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

CHRISTMAS DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



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whose taxes for the year 1905 have not been paid
before the 1st day of November of the said year,
that unless the same shall be paid to the Receiver
of Taxes at his office in the Borough in which the
Property is located, as follows:
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Borough of The Bronx, corner Third and Tremont
Avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.;
Borough of Brooklyn, Rooms 2, 4, 6 and 8, Munici-
pal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.;
Borough of Queens, corner Jackson Avenue and
Fifth Street, Long Island City, N. Y.;
Borough of Richmond, corner Bay and Sand
Streets, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.;
—before the 1st day of December of said year, he
will charge, receive and collect upon such taxes so
remaining unpaid on that day, in addition to the
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amount thereof, as provided by sections 916 and 918
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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

THE best presentation of conditions in Wall Street is embraced in the recent suggestive remark by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Shaw, while under the very shadows of Trinity. He said: "If the boys in playing with matches against orders should get the house on fire, of course the fire would have to be extinguished. But if they merely burned their fingers, that is their misfortune, and does not call for outside interference." The boys have been playing with matches in Wall Street for some little time, and a great many onlookers besides Secretary Shaw have realized the possibilities of danger. When money touched 25 per cent. the other day, and stocks took a sudden drop, the secretary appeared in Wall Street and held prolonged conferences with our leading bankers.

This action was indicative of danger, but the slump was arrested by a report, which the bulls promptly circulated, to the effect that the treasury would deposit \$25,000,000 of its surplus funds in the New York City banks, if necessary, to relieve the strain on the situation. It is not clear whence these funds could be obtained, as the treasury surplus is by no means extravagantly large. But Secretary Shaw has shown on other occasions that he can find a new way out of an old difficulty, and, no doubt, he will do so again if the exigency should arise, and if it were necessary to do so to prevent a disastrous and widespread panic. What this market fears, therefore, is not so much a panic, as extensive liquidation, slow and exhaustive. Some of this we have had; more of it is to come, for even the most optimistic are now conceding that the expectations of an easy money market before the close of the year cannot be realized. Indications point to a stiff money market during the greater part of the winter.

The wonderful strength of the stock market, in spite of higher rates for money, has mystified a great many persons. But there is no mystery about it. It is due to the fact that Wall Street is now largely in the hands of newcomers, from the West, South, and East—men who have recently achieved enormous wealth and who are willing to gamble with it. They have not had much to do with panics and are ready for new experiences of any kind. They prefer to gamble in Wall Street, because they added greatly to their millions during the stock-market boom of five years ago, by promoting enterprises which they are still sustaining, and in which they may some day suddenly lose a good part of their profits unless they follow more conservative counsels. Great wealth can accomplish great things, but there are limitations even to its powers. These heavy gamblers on the bull side have thus far felt very little organized competition, or even opposition, on the bear side. Some day a great bear leader is likely to appear, and, awaiting the psychological moment to strike while the iron is hot, he is liable to do a great deal of mischief.

The opportunity for a bear movement is based usually on three factors—high prices, adverse circumstances, and depressing conditions. Of these three, two are existent. We have high prices and adverse circumstances in the shape of a socialistic wave, a stiff money rate, a declining surplus in the Federal treasury, shocking exposures of financial crookedness, and a disposition of labor to become tyrannical. The third factor is lacking, I am glad to say. Every one concedes the widespread and extraordinary prosperity of the country. Vast crops have been garnered, great industrial enterprises are crowded with work, railways are short of equipment, and the tendency of all prices is toward higher figures. Our mineral output of copper, gold, and silver, of coal and clay, is reaching prodigious value, and all the nations are pouring in upon us their poor and needy, and we are feeding and cloth-



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ing them with a prodigality unmatched in the history of the world.

If prices in Wall Street can be maintained through the prevailing period of tight money until our exports of natural products give us again an overwhelming balance of trade, the dreams of those who are widely predicting a far higher scale of prices for Wall Street securities may come true. But at this writing it is a dream. We will be very fortunate if, within the next few months, it does not become a nightmare.

"P." New York: Refer to "S." Rome, N. Y.
"L. A." New Orleans: 1. The Guanajuato Amalgamated Gold Mines Company is capitalized much more moderately than most corporations of its character. Every report I hear regarding the value of the property is favorable. 2. Prominent men of wealth are interested in it. 3. Yes. 4. It has much greater merit than most mining properties on the market.

"W." Oswego: 1. I would hardly regard a local telephone company's shares as "a safe and conservative investment" for any one's money. Competition in this field constantly increases, and the Hudson River Telephone Company has had considerable of it. 2. Few of the shares are sold, and quotations are reported only by the local papers. No serious changes have recently been announced.

"M." Cleveland: Republic Iron and Steel preferred last year sold as low as 37. The resumption of dividends, and the report that the accrued dividends were to be provided for satisfactorily, have made the stock look more attractive. John W. Gates, a leading speculative spirit of Wall Street, controls the property, and, it is said, is ambitious to make it a rival of the Steel Trust. Union Bag and Paper preferred looks cheaper for a long pull.

Continued on page 505.

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E. J. GATES
Treasurer

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President

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 504.

"B." New York: I would buy nothing on a ten point margin in such a treacherous market.

"S." New York: I am unable to obtain satisfactory information. The stock is not sold on the exchange.

"T." Industry: Your proxy was represented at the annual meeting, though nothing has thus far been achieved.

"V." Utica: I would have nothing to do with American Nickel. The exaggerated reports regarding it which are continually published ought to tell their own story. If the property had such tremendous value, the stock would not be offered for sale.

"J." Brooklyn: All the bonds you mention are more or less of a local character, and you might not, therefore, find a ready market in case you desired to dispose of them. The public attitude toward municipal corporations is becoming so antagonistic and is emphasized by such drastic tax laws, that investors look with growing disfavor on local securities of this character, and are turning more and more to first-class railroad mortgages.

"E. B." New York: 1. Report has it that Hill interests have been acquiring M. K. and T. Earnings of the company would justify dividends on the preferred, but a man on the outside has no chance without knowledge as to the intentions of the controlling interests. These have not yet been disclosed. 2. Talk of a merger of the leading Southern iron and steel companies, I believe, has something behind it. On reactions, Tennessee Coal is attractive. 3. No; nothing at present.

"P." Wilkes-Barre, Penn.: 1. It is said that the miners' strike interfered with the earnings of Colorado and Southern to such an extent that it was necessary to pass the dividends. Recently there have been signs of an upward movement. I would not sell at a loss. 2. Frisco first preferred, while not active, has an element of safety about it, because of the smallness of the issue, and you ought to get your price eventually for it. It is not very much traded in, and therefore is unattractive to most speculators.

"Banker": 1. Cotton Oil has shown considerable strength, and reports a net surplus for the past fiscal year of over \$200,000 after the payment of dividends. One per cent. on the common, payable December 1st, has been declared. It is attractive on reactions. 2. There seems to be a ready market for all the American Ice Securities offered for sale at current prices. Offerings have not been heavy. 3. Unless the entire market declines, Southern Pacific preferred ought to sell higher, because of its investment quality and the excellent returns it makes to the buyer.

"S. St." New York: 1. Havana Electric owns and operates about fifty miles of electric railway in Havana. It has issued \$7,500,000 common and \$5,000,000 preferred 5 per cent. non-accumulative stock. It has \$8,250,000 5 per cent. bonds outstanding, of an authorized issue of \$10,000,000. The earnings show an increase during the past year, and the company is in the hands of men who will make the most of its value. It is heavily capitalized, and somewhat speculative. 2. Texas Pacific is regarded favorably by those who are familiar with the property, its earning power and greatly improved condition.

"Copper." Anaconda: 1. As neither Malt nor Hide and Leather preferred pays dividends at present, the change would be speculative. If there is anything in the report that Hide and Leather is being purposely depressed to enable competing interests to secure its control, it might have advantages. The American Malt people may not pay even 4 per cent. on the new stock under the readjustment plan. If I had a substantial profit, therefore, I would take it, and await a safe opportunity to make another turn. 2. Those who are interested in the property still maintain that it is very high-class.

"Ignorance": 1. The proposition of Henry Cleveland is about as safe a thing for him as anything that I can imagine. You may make up your mind that if he has a sure thing in the stock market he will not be offering it to the public in return for a part of the profits. If he were perfectly sure that there would be no losses do you suppose he would take you in? Ask him to share the losses as well as the profits, and see what he will say. 2. I believe the companies are stronger and better today than they ever have been. 3. Note my weekly suggestions. I would not be in a hurry to buy in this market.

"X. X." Norwich, Conn.: 1. The Virginia Iron, Coal, and Coke Company was organized only a few years ago, to consolidate the iron industries of southwestern Virginia. It has a number of modern blast furnaces and coal mines in operation, and valuable iron and coal lands, with a capital of \$10,000,000 and a funded debt of about \$6,500,000. It was placed in the hands of receivers in 1901, but is now in the

control of new interests with ample capital, and appears to be doing a good business. 2. Chicago Pneumatic Tool reports improving earnings, and the stock has lately been showing greater strength. There is no doubt that it is over-capitalized.

"A. B." Montana: 1. I believe that Republic Steel common has what your broker reports as "a fair speculative value." But it sold last year as low as 6, and the price at present looks high. Some of the ablest manipulators in Wall Street are interested in the property, and will, no doubt, try to put it on a dividend basis and then unload it on the public, as they did the preferred, before they discontinued dividends on the latter. You run your chances when you get in with such a gang. 2. I have no doubt that the company, in common with all iron and steel concerns, is doing a very profitable business; but how long will the boom last?

"Michigan": 1. The Standard Oil is more in the habit of swallowing up other people than being swallowed up itself, and Amalgamated is regarded as a Standard Oil institution. 2. People's Gas would be a fair investment if it were assured of immunity from attacks by advocates of municipal control of public utilities. Chicago seems to be a hotbed of this kind of thing. 3. The B. R. T. convertible 4s are speculative, and will be so until B. R. T. is put on a dividend-paying basis. The property is greatly over-capitalized and subject to the same risks that People's Gas is meeting; that is, the risk of a rising tendency to demand more and more from local corporations.

"S." Waterloo, Ont.: I do not advise the purchase of any wireless telegraph stocks. When liquid air was discovered, the papers were full of marvelous stories of its many practical uses, and companies with enormous capitals were organized, and stock was sold to the gullible public with great

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Chapter 274 of the Laws of 1904, which applies to the sale of Bonds of the City of New York, provides that "all or none" bids cannot be considered by the Comptroller unless the bidder offering to purchase "all or none" of the Bonds offered for sale shall also offer to purchase "all or any part" thereof.

Send bids in a sealed envelope, enclosed in the addressed envelope. A deposit of TWO PER CENT. OF PAR VALUE MUST ACCOMPANY BID. Such deposit must be in money or certified check upon a solvent Banking Corporation. This deposit will, if requested, be returned day of sale to unsuccessful bidders. For fuller information see "City Record," published at a City Hall, New York.

Consult any Bank or Trust Company, or address

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller City of New York
280 Broadway, New York

est case. To-day, these shares are worthless. Wireless telegraphy is a discovery of more practical value than that of liquid air, but much is needed to perfect the invention, and until its commercial value has been more clearly demonstrated, I see nothing attractive in the shares of the highly capitalized companies which are selling wireless telegraph stocks of various kinds. It must be remembered, too, that there are a number of systems of wireless telegraphy, and that no company has a monopoly of the business. I would leave Marconi and De Forest alone.

"X." Pawtucket: 1. The income bonds and shares of the United Railway, of Baltimore, seem to be picked up on every reaction by those who believe in the future of the property. Reports regarding an amalgamation of traction and other interests in Baltimore, on a basis favorable to United Railways, have been in circulation. I am inclined to believe that there is foundation for these reports, though nothing, officially, has been given out. Just when the developments will occur, I am unable to say. 2. Am. Can preferred, paying 5 per cent., or Amalgamated, paying the same rate of dividend (with a probability, it is said, of an increase to 6 per cent.), looks the best on your list. Texas Pacific and St. Louis Southwestern preferred have speculative value, and so, I believe, has Colorado Fuel, though all three are not likely to enjoy dividends in the near future.

"S." Boston, N. Y.: "S." Beverly, Mass.: "M." Toledo, and "B." Beverly Farms: The annual meeting of the American Malt Company resulted in the election of the ticket selected by the directors. A number of questions were asked regarding the proposed plan of reorganization, but this was not officially brought before the meeting, and will, no doubt, be considered at a special one. Several stockholders expressed dissatisfaction with the plan, and many preferred shareholders said they would not consent to it unless recognition of the r

right to accrued dividends was granted, or a larger allotment of new stock than 62 per cent. was given them. Those who refused to turn in their stock to the committee will, in my judgment, have ample time to do so. Legal advice is being sought by those opposed to the plan of reorganization, but no action has yet been decided upon. The earnings of last year show nearly 3 per cent. on the preferred.

"B." Rochester, N. Y.: I was recently shown a letter from the superintendent of the Mogollon mine in New Mexico, stating that, on the basis of the present developments, one of these mines ought to earn over \$500,000 net a year. New Mexican papers speak very highly of the Mogollon district. If I sought speculation in mining shares I would prefer to buy the stock or bonds of a property with a low capitalization, and on which mining has been carried on with profit for years, like the Mogollon, than to go into a highly capitalized proposition with only a promise of satisfactory development. If you do not understand the attractive proposition the Mogollon offers, I advise you to write, for an illustrated booklet, to Mr. Thomas J. Curran, the president, 290 Broadway, New York. I learn that several wealthy business men in New York City of the highest standing, are heavy shareholders in this company, and Mr. Curran's references are excellent. He is not a Wall Street speculator or a curb manipulator, but has devoted his fortune and years of hard work to the development of his property, with results that now promise a handsome profit.

Continued on page 506.

A BRIGHT WOMAN

Who can grasp an opportunity will learn something to her advantage (without cost) by addressing CHAS. L. TOMPKINS, President, 20 Broad Street, New York.

We Will Buy

You a Bottle of Liquozone, and Give It to You to Try.

We make few claims of what Liquozone will do. And no testimonials are published to show what it has done. We prefer that each sick one should learn its power by a test. That is the quickest way to convince you.

So we offer to buy the first bottle and give it to you to try. Compare it with common remedies; see how much more it does. Don't cling to the old treatments blindly. The scores of diseases which are due to germs call for a germicide. Please learn what Liquozone can do.

What Liquozone Is.

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gases. The formula is sent to each user. The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to so fix and combine the gases as to carry into the system a powerful tonic-germicide.

Contact with Liquozone kills any form of disease germ, because germs are of vegetable origin. Yet to the body Liquozone is not only harmless, but helpful in the extreme. That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poison when taken internally. That is why medicine has been so helpless in a germ disease. Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying; yet no disease germ can exist in it.

We purchased the American rights to Liquozone after thousands of tests had

been made with it. Its power had been proved, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we offered to supply the first bottle free in every disease that required it. And over one million dollars have been spent to announce and fulfill this offer.

The result is that 11,000,000 bottles have been used, mostly in the past two years. To-day there are countless cured ones, scattered everywhere, to tell what Liquozone has done.

But so many others need it that this offer is published still. In late years science has traced scores of diseases to germ attacks. Old remedies do not apply to them. We wish to show those sick ones—at our cost—what Liquozone can do.

Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Liquozone has been most employed. In these it has earned its widest reputation. In all of these troubles we supply the first bottle free. And in all—no matter how difficult—we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

Asthma
Abscess—Anemia
Bronchitis
Blood Poison
Bowel Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption
Contagious Diseases
Cancer—Catarrh
Dysentery—Diarrhea
Dyspepsia—Dandruff
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fever—Gall Stones

Goitre—Gout
Gonorrhea—Gleet
Hay Fever—Influenza
La Grippe
Leucorrhea
Malaria—Neuralgia
Piles—Quinsy
Rheumatism
Scrofula—Syphilis
Skin Diseases
Tuberculosis
Tumors—Ulcers
Throat Troubles

Also most forms of the following:

Kidney Troubles
Stomach Troubles
Liver Troubles
Women's Diseases
Fever, inflammation or catarrh—impure or poisoned blood—usually indicate a germ attack.
In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing remarkable results.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligations whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill it out and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....
I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

W 310 Give full address—write plainly.

Note that this offer applies to new users only.
Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

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FOR ALCOHOLISM

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ALCOHOLIC CRAVING ABSOLUTELY REMOVED IN FROM 12 TO 48 HOURS

NO SUFFERING—NO INJECTIONS—NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS

REPRESENTATIVE PHYSICIANS in each city of the United States administer the Oppenheimer Treatment. Write for the name and address of the physician in your locality.

(P) Write..... Address.....

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COOK REMEDY CO.

374 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 505.

"Subscriber," Altoona: I know of no such concern, and do not find it on my list of financial institutions.

"E." Lowville, N. Y.: If I had a profit I would be inclined to sell. Otherwise I would hold for a better price.

"S." Boston: It is impossible to write as an expert regarding properties which are so distant, and which, of course, I have never seen.

"Dolly Varden": I have no report in reference to the earnings of the Mitchell Mining Company. It is a curb stock, and its movements indicate manipulation.

"J." Harrison, N. J.: I do not advise the purchase of Greene Gold. The Greene Gold-Silver is another proposition, and in my judgment a far better property.

"Connecticut": I know very little about either of the properties, except that they are highly speculative, and that conservative people have very little to do with them.

"S." Madison, Mo.: 1. I have no knowledge of the Kaye, De Wolf & Company's promotions, and would leave them alone. 2. Ditto the Douglas, Lacey propositions.

"Cotton," Atlanta, Ga.: 1. I cannot advise regarding cotton. I deal only with Wall Street securities. 2. A. C. Brown & Co., 30 Broad Street, N. Y., are members of the New York Stock Exchange, and rated high. They deal in cotton.

"D." Bridgeport: I understand the allotment will give you, for your five shares, subscription rights to the amount of 1 1/4 of your holdings. A copy of the plan should have been sent you as a stockholder. I would subscribe, as I regard the rights as valuable.

"S." Milwaukee: A. L. Wisner & Co. are fiscal agents for the Murchie mine. They do a large business, probably the largest mining-promotion business in the country. I have never seen the Murchie; but one who has visited the property says it is all that it is represented to be.

"J." Council, Idaho: Any firm of brokers will buy and sell mining shares for you. Members of the New York stock exchanges do business of this kind only for customers on a cash basis, not on margin. You might run considerable risk in dealing with brokers of any other class.

"S. S." New York: 1. You can get a copy of the address of the Hon. J. Edward Simmons before the Am. Bankers' Association if you will drop him a line at the Fourth National Bank, New York City, of which he is president. 2. In the issue of November 2d, in answer to "Z." Washington.

"F. A." Elmira: 1. Personally, I know nothing regarding it. 2. F. W. McAleer & Co., 70 State Street, Boston, Mass., are the fiscal agents for the Shawmut Consolidated mining stock, which they sell for \$2.50 a share. Par value \$10. This stock is well spoken of by Boston people who have recently been to Bingham, where one of the mines is located. The Sedalia is near Salida, Col. The latter is said to be the only exclusively copper producer in the State.

"Oglethorpe": I am told that the book value of the Consolidated National is more than \$200 per share. There has recently been a change in control, and it is fair to presume that the new officers will make an effort to increase the business. Most of the New York bank stocks look high, considering the smallness of the interest they yield. Some believe that the New York City banks, which have been favored by the great life-insurance companies, will suffer by the recent revelations, both in their business and earning power.

"D. F." Washington: I recognize the initials of your name, and they are the initials of a large class of people who distrust everybody but themselves. If you belong to the "D. F." class, as your letter indicates, I am not responsible for it. You are not obliged to agree with anything I say, or even to read my weekly comments. Whether you believe in them or not is no concern of mine. If you do not like other people's opinions, stick to your own. They are good enough for the "D. F." class, and are adding largely to its membership.

"S." St. Louis: 1. The rise in Steel Spring common was, as I reported some months ago, promised a year ago by inside interests who said that it ought to sell between 60 and 70. I called attention to it at the time. I have no doubt that the tremendous rise of Locomotive common, a non-dividend-paying stock, sympathetically helped the advance in Steel Spring common. As a 4 per cent. common stock, the latter begins to look high enough. 2. An upward movement in Wabash is not expected until Gould interests get ready for it. It looks as if the Wabash were diverting its earnings largely to improvements, because of difficulties in the way of financing the property in a tight money market. Texas Pacific looks like a better purchase, or even Colorado Fuel. A movement in the last-mentioned has been promised by inside interests, but since Gould has secured control it has been quite as stagnant as Wabash.

"C." Oil City: 1. Unless the Am. Maltng Company should be dissolved, I do not see how shareholders who do not consent to the proposed plan can be kept out if they desire to consent at any time in future. Notice might be given that consents would not be received, except under a penalty; but such notices usually amount to nothing, as the courts have decided that stockholders cannot be arbitrarily deprived of their rights. They have also held that as long as a company is solvent no reason for a dissolution exists. In many instances stockholders who have held out for their rights against proposed plans to readjust a company's securities have in the end been gainers, and I am therefore not surprised that a great many holders of Am. Maltng preferred are standing aloof from the scheme to scale down their shares on what seems to be a very unfair basis. 2. Norfolk and Western is profiting greatly by the improved condition of the coal and iron industries. It must also suffer if these industries have a setback, and it therefore does not look as speculatively attractive as some other railway shares.

NEW YORK, November 16th, 1905. JASPER.

Many Actors and Singers use Piso's Cure to strengthen the voice and prevent hoarseness.

The Best All-round Family Liniment is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle.

The universal favor with which the Sohmer Piano is meeting is the result of its tone and structure, which are not excelled by any in the world.



No article of furniture lends itself more readily to environments reflecting refined taste than the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase.

Therefore, it naturally appeals to those who exercise careful judgment in the selection of holiday gifts.

Our new catalogue is replete with helpful suggestions on attractive arrangements for home libraries.

It also describes some new units which we have recently added to our line, including desk, cupboard, music, drawer, magazine and table sections, and clearly defines certain mechanical features of construction and finish that influence careful buyers to purchase Globe-Wernicke Cases—the only kind equipped with non-binding door equalizers.

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that mar the beauty of the complexion disappear with the use of warm water and that remarkable skin beautifier,

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Leslie's Weekly

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, PURSUANT to Section 3 of Chapter 723 of the laws of 1905, the State Water Supply Commission will meet at the Court House in the City of Kingston, N. Y., on Monday, November 27, 1905, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of hearing all persons, municipal corporations or other civil divisions of the State of New York that may be affected by the execution of the plans of the City of New York for securing a new and additional supply of water from the Catskill Mountain region, which plans were filed with the New York State Water Supply Commission on the 31 day of November, 1905, at its office, No. 23 South Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y., where the same are open for public inspection; and for the purpose of determining whether said plans are justified by public necessity and whether the same are just and equitable to the other municipalities and civil divisions of the State of New York and to the inhabitants thereof affected thereby, and whether said plans make fair and equitable provisions for the determination and payment of any and all damages to persons and property, both direct and indirect, which will result from the execution thereof.

The execution of such plans will affect lands situate in the counties of Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Ulster, Greene, Schoharie, Albany, Orange, Richmond, Queens, New York and Kings, and will also affect the flow of water in streams flowing in or through said counties, the riparian rights on said streams, and also the water rights of said streams.

All persons, municipal corporations and other civil divisions of the State of New York who have objection to the execution of said plans, in order to be heard thereon, must file such objections thereto in writing in the office of the State Water Supply Commission in the City of Albany, N. Y., on or before the 24th day of November, 1905. Every objection so filed must particularly specify the grounds thereof. No person, municipal corporation or local authority can be heard in opposition thereto except on objections so filed.

Dated, Albany, N. Y., November 4, 1905.

HENRY H. PERSONS,
President
ERNST J. LEDERLE,
JOHN A. SECHER,
MILOR M. ACKER,
CHARLES DAVIS,
State Water Supply Commission.

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OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.**, Dept. 1-1, Lebanon, Ohio.

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Life-insurance Suggestions.

(NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.)

NOTHING would be easier or more natural than to fall into the current of criticism and wholesale denunciation against the life-insurance business aroused by the investigations in New York, and declare that it is all a game of "graft"; that every one and everything connected with the business is "rotten," and so on. This is just what some of the superficial and sensational newspapers are doing every day; and if one attached any weight or value to their utterances, which few do, it would be to believe that all the great life-insurance companies would soon be knocked into smithereens and scattered to the four winds of heaven. Of course every sensible person knows that nothing of the kind will happen; that the bottom is not going to "fall out" of any of these companies because of this investigation; that there are to be no failures and no bankruptcies. The policy-holders in all these companies under investigation may rest their souls in peace, being assured that, so far as their individual interests are concerned, they are not in the remotest danger of losing anything, not a penny, by this upheaval. Their policies are just as secure now as they ever were. As we have said before, if the investigating cyclone which has struck so many of the standard companies recently has any effect upon policies maturing in the near future, it will be to increase the sums payable rather than otherwise. No one knows and realizes more certainly than the officials in all these companies and all their agents and other representatives that their success, their very life, in the future must depend in a very large degree on the measure of satisfaction accorded to the present body of policy-holders. Nothing could be more disastrous, more fatal, to the securing of new business, after all that has occurred, than a failure to fulfill every existing contract both in its spirit and its letter. The company that knows its business, and human nature also, will be inclined to do even more—to let its failings, if any, "lean to virtue's side." It is obvious enough that it is only by dealing in this way, by an open, fair, and even a generous course of action with present policy-holders, that any company can hope to regain public confidence and resume business on the former scale. We feel perfectly sure that this will be the case, and that all the men and women now holding policies in these companies have only to possess themselves in patience, and they will gain and not lose by the storm.

"B. B. K.," Islip, N. Y.: I do not like the club idea. Experience has shown that life insurance is not a good thing with which to experiment. Better take a substantial, well-established company, with an economical, as well as an honest, administration.

"H. J. H.," Cleveland: It is an old company, not doing a very large business, and of late has shown a decrease in the number of policies issued and the amount of insurance, while other companies nearly all show an increase. Its last report indicates that it is entirely solvent.

"G.," Auburn, N. Y.: 1. You are having the same experience with the Mutual Reserve that other policy-holders have had. The association was originally organized on an assessment basis, and, like all other assessment concerns, found that, with the increasing age of its members, the death rate also rapidly increased, and it was necessary, therefore, to increase the assessments also. It would be far more satisfactory for you to have a policy with a fixed rate, and not be in constant worry over the probability of increased assessments. 2. If you will fill out the coupon attached to the advertisement of the Prudential Company which appears on this page, you will receive information that I believe will be useful. You can also ask the company to submit its cheapest form of insurance on a term contract.

"Cleveland," O.: Your father's experience with the Royal Arcanum is precisely what I have predicted for many years would be the experience of members of the fraternal assessment orders. The public are induced to join these orders by the promise of cheap insurance, and this promise is kept for a little while; but, as the members grow older and the death rate naturally increases, the assessments must also be increased until they become even higher than the regular charges for life insurance in an old-line company. If your father's health is good so that he has promise of an average duration of life, it would hardly pay to continue the payment of the heavy assessments with a knowledge that they will probably be made still heavier. It looks as if the Royal Arcanum were losing a large part of its membership, and this must be a very serious matter, because the lower the membership, the higher the assessment.

The Hermit.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



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THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is simply a mechanical means of obtaining a free and normal circulation of blood in the scalp, and the blood contains the only properties that can maintain life in the hair and induce it to grow.

If the Evans Vacuum Cap gives the scalp a healthy glow and produces a pleasant, tingling sensation, then the normal condition of the scalp can be restored, and a three or four minutes' use of the Cap each day there-

after will, within a reasonable time, develop a natural and permanent growth of hair. If, however, the scalp remains white and lifeless after the Cap is removed, then the case would be a hopeless one regardless of all the infallible hair restorers advertised.

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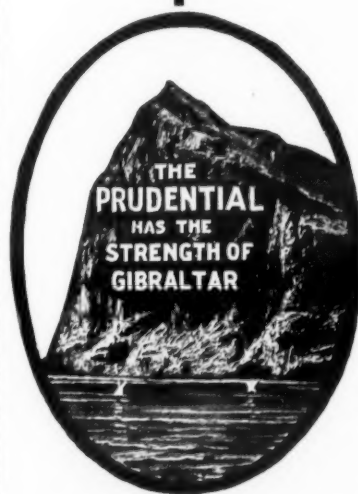


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